

### THE LIBERAL LEADERS AND MR. PARNELL.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Hastings on Tuesday derived special importance from the fact that it was his first full deliverance on the altered position of the Liberal Party towards Mr. Parnell. We say towards Mr. Parnell, because the whole tenor of the speech made it clear that there is no change in the Liberal policy with regard to the Irish Question generally. On this point, as we have often insisted in these columns, the Liberal position remains unaltered. No amount of wrongdoing on the part of any single Irishman, however eminent he may be, can justify or condone the miserable system of coercion, which nobody condemned so loudly as Mr. Chamberlain when he was still a Liberal, and which nobody now applauds so lustily as that gentleman and his renegade supporters. If it was right to oppose Mr. Balfour's abuse of his powers down to last November, it is certainly no less right to do so now. If Liberals had convinced themselves in 1886 that a real union with Ireland could only be secured "first of all by handing over to Irishmen the full and efficacious control of their own local affairs; and, secondly, by maintaining, in a form not less full and efficacious, the control of the Imperial Parliament over all Imperial charges and interests," there can be no justification for any change of front on their part now. This fact has been reiterated again and again in these columns, and it is strange to think that there should ever have been any doubt upon the subject either among the friends or the foes of Ireland. Nevertheless, when we see Mr. Chamberlain, in his bitterly vituperative speech at Aston Manor, coarsely comparing the Irish Party to thieves who have fallen out, and loudly calling upon all "honest men" to profit by their dissensions, we are not sorry that the Liberal leader should have set the true position before the country with a plainness that affords no room for misconception. We do not quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain because he pretends to believe that the Irish Party, with which he was long in specially confidential relations, preaches assassination and secretly practises odious crimes. The country knows how to treat nonsense of this kind, as Mr. Chamberlain has learned, many a time and oft, since 1886. Our point is that the Irish Party as a whole are no more to be regarded as assassins now than they were twelve months ago, or two years ago, when the iniquitous Pigottist conspiracy had broken down; and that the merits of the demand of Ireland for Home Rule, be they great or be they small, have not been affected one jot or tittle by anything which has happened since last November either in the Divorce Court, in Committee Room No. 15, or in Ireland itself.

This is the truth which Mr. Gladstone boldly proclaimed in his speech at Hastings, and it is one which requires no fresh arguments in order to commend it to the acceptance of the Liberal Party. For if one fact has been made clearer than another since the unhappy tumult of last November, it is that the Liberals of Great Britain understand their duty towards their Unionist fellow-citizens too well to be influenced by the vulgar appeals of Mr. Chamberlain and his like. But there remains one very important point in connection with the Irish Question, and that is the position of Mr. Parnell himself. Supported by the Tory Press, and by no inconsiderable section of the Tory Party, he is now carrying on a campaign, the success of which would mean the destruction of the present Home Rule movement, and the delay of the settlement of the Irish Question perhaps for a generation to come. It was in his references to this point that Mr. Glad-

stone's speech possessed its greatest and freshest interest. Of the manner of his allusions to a man who, for three months past, has persistently reviled him, even the most bigoted of Mr. Gladstone's opponents can only speak in words of praise. Not a sentence that could be personally offensive to Mr. Parnell fell from his lips, whilst ample justice was done to the earlier career of that remarkable man. But all the more effective because of this resolute repression of an anger that might justly have asserted itself, was the manner in which Mr. Gladstone set forth the reasons why he can no longer co-operate with Mr. Parnell, and why Irishmen themselves can no longer trust him. With regard to the first point, the position is simply this: to carry Home Rule, with Mr. Parnell still in command of his party, would be to make that gentleman constitutional ruler of Ireland. But the Liberal Party, by whose aid alone Home Rule can be carried, will never agree to place a man of Mr. Parnell's acknowledged character in such a position. Rightly or wrongly—and we believe rightly—they look upon the recent revelations, both in and out of the Divorce Court, as proving Mr. Parnell to be a man to whom the control of the national interests of Ireland could not safely be committed by the hands of Englishmen. He may remain in Parliament, he may continue to influence debates, and to modify the policy of Governments, but the British elector will never take upon himself the responsibility of placing a man so thoroughly discredited at the head of a national Government. This is the simple fact with which we have to deal, and Mr. Gladstone has never more conspicuously shown his statesmanlike sagacity than in recognising and confronting it. If he had taken any other line, Mr. Parnell might still have been his ally, but the great mass of the electors of England and Scotland would have been alienated from him. In other words, Mr. Parnell's retention of the Irish leadership would of necessity have been fatal to Home Rule, whether Mr. Gladstone himself was for or against the Member for Cork.

Not less clearly did Mr. Gladstone put the case against Mr. Parnell from the Irish point of view. The Irish Parliamentary Party, as he showed, has made itself a great constitutional power by steadily pursuing one simple course. It has never allowed its action to be distracted or weakened by divided counsels. It has moved as one man, because the majority has ruled, and on every question on which differences of opinion arose, the minority yielded to the majority. Now, this rule has been broken, and broken by Mr. Parnell. For the first time in the history of the party, the minority is struggling against the decision of the majority, and, as a result, the influence of the party in the House of Commons is, for the moment, almost completely neutralised. This is the simple fact which Mr. Gladstone put before the Liberals of Hastings on Tuesday. It is one which concerns the Irish people far more closely than the electors of this country. They can hardly fail to realise the truth that Mr. Parnell is now asking them not only to break with their truest friends, but to overthrow that system of internal organisation to which they owe all the triumphs they have hitherto secured in the region of constitutional agitation. Mr. Gladstone would have failed in his duty to his Irish allies if he had not done his best to make this clear to them. As it is, by his speech last Tuesday he has set before the Irish electors the plain issue of life or death for the Home Rule cause. It is for them to make their choice. Perhaps they will be aided in doing so by a careful observance of the manner in which their ex-leader extricates himself from the dilemma in which he has been placed by his unfortunate challenge to Mr. Maurice Healy.

## MUNICIPAL BUDGET REFORM.

THE narrowness of the Government majority against the motion for rating reform was less remarkable than Mr. Goschen's contribution to the debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not usually much troubled about the vain virtue of consistency, but it was evident that, on this occasion, he felt himself to be in what the Americans call a "tight place." Twenty years ago, in the heyday of his Liberalism, Mr. Goschen convinced himself that the urban tenant was suffering grievous wrong in having to bear the whole financial burden of municipal government. An able draft report by him enshrines what is still the best statement of the hard case of the London householder. And although the Select Committee of 1870 shelved this draft, and adopted in its stead a string of vague resolutions, Mr. Goschen embodied his work in a little book on local taxation, from which his opponents on Friday last week did not fail to make effective quotations.

The opposition which Mr. Goschen was compelled to offer to Mr. Stuart's motion in favour of the direct taxation of the urban landowner came, too, all the harder upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because he has still the strongest belief in the excellence of this little book. But Mr. Goschen sits, at present, on the other side of the Speaker, and can hardly give the House of Commons the same advice as formerly. It was, however, obvious on Friday that on this particular point his views have not changed. There is, indeed, no answer to the complaint of the urban ratepayer. The system by which all conceivable local charges are thrown on "the rates," and the rates exclusively upon the occupiers, has long been a standing scandal of municipal finance. Select Committees condemned it in 1867 and 1870; the House itself solemnly resolved against it in 1885; political economists and practical reformers have alike denounced it. Yet in 1891 it flourishes in full vigour, becoming annually even intensified in iniquity as the rates go up.

Few of our institutions, indeed, have exhibited less change than the main source of our local revenue. When the burgesses of the fourteenth century bought the borough "ferm" from the King, they apportioned this burden, "scot and lot," amongst the tenements of the town. To-day our local revenues amount to more than half those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but they are still levied, in the main, according to the plan adopted in the Middle Ages. Our pauper population, which permanently equals that of Berlin, is still maintained by the simple levy upon occupiers ordered by the Act of Elizabeth. The expenditure budget of London has become that of a great power in amount and complexity, but the chief sources of its revenue and the method of collection remain those of a rural hamlet of the last century. In the Middle Ages, and even down to the end of the last century, the separation of the ownership from the occupation of dwelling-houses was unusual. Even at the present time a majority of the houses in some towns are owned by the persons who live in them. Under such circumstances it is unnecessary to distinguish between charges falling properly upon ownership, and those justly due from the occupier. But in London, occupying ownership is now a rare exception, and the enormous expansion of urban population has elsewhere produced a large class of rent-paying tenants. On these the growing burdens of municipal expenditure fall with crushing weight, and the question of a more equitable distribution of the incidence of local taxation necessarily comes to the front.

There are, however, still occasionally to be found

zealots of the thin crude logic of an obsolete political economy, who deny that any grievance exists. The rates, they argue, necessarily fall ultimately upon the landlord, for if there were no rates, rents increased to exactly the same extent would be exacted by him. If this happy conclusion were really the result of experience, there would be no reason why the Tory party should incur the odium of retaining the levy upon occupiers. As with the tithe, the rates might be made payable by the owner, and all would be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Unfortunately, however, for the occupier and the Tory party, economic readjustments do not work without friction; and it is now the general conclusion of the experts that a very large proportion of urban rates rest where they are put. Stones set rolling down a hill do not by any means necessarily all reach its base. If we do not intend any of the stones to remain on the hillside, we shall do well to place them in the valley to begin with. Local rates, like these stones, have an awkward habit of sticking. At present the collector in England looks only to the occupier. The English householder naturally wonders why the example of Scotland cannot be followed, and the rates shared between owner and occupier. If it be necessary to continue to collect from the occupier only, the owner's share might be made deductible from the rent, like the Income Tax (Schedule A), "any agreement to the contrary notwithstanding." But this modest improvement in the method of rate-collecting by no means meets all the necessities of the case. It is no longer sufficient to provide merely for an improvement of the incidence of the existing burden of taxation. The rapid growth in the duties now cast upon the collective organisation of a modern city demands entirely new sources of municipal revenue. In London, indeed, some expansion of the fiscal resources of the County Council is absolutely imperative. The burden of taxation upon the householder has reached a point at which any increase outweighs, in the popular view, even the greatest possible municipal reform. And reforms in various directions can no longer be delayed with impunity. The municipal development of the metropolis cannot be accomplished without a development of its collective finances similar in importance to that which occurred in English provincial boroughs half a century ago.

It was the task of the Town Holdings Committee—appointed last week for its fifth session—to report upon some of the possible sources of this new revenue. But it is already evident, from the composition of that Committee and the dilatory manner in which it pursues its duties, that no help can be expected from this quarter. A Committee of the London County Council has, in the meantime, proposed a separate valuation of metropolitan land, as distinct from the value of the buildings upon it. The intention is evidently to place a new and separate tax upon this exceptional instance of unearned increment. Mr. Haldane has a modest Bill which would enable urban local authorities to appropriate for the municipal exchequer the whole of any future "unearned increment" of value over and above the existing valuation. A more feasible plan, and one which finds favour with Sir Thomas Farrer, is that of a Municipal Death Duty, which would mulct only the heirs of deceased appropriators of unearned increment. Mr. Goschen's financial arrangements appear to be all destined to early revision, and it may well prove to be best to reclaim for the National Budget the whole of the Probate Duty, whilst abandoning to the local authorities the whole of the Succession Duty. Whatever plan is adopted, some way must be found of augmenting



our municipal revenues, and this can hardly take any other form than a direct contribution from the owners of immovable property in the locality. The simplicity of our present system of local revenue is dearly purchased at the price of its want of equity in incidence and of expansiveness in amount. The debate, and still more the division list, indicate with sufficient clearness in what direction the next Liberal Cabinet will seek a remedy.

#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND ARBITRATION.

THE agreement referring the Newfoundland Fishery Question to arbitration has been justly criticised as a confused and obscure document. It is understood to be intended as a reference of all questions to an impartial tribunal, and yet whoever drafted it for the moment was under an impression that the lobster question was the main one, whereas the reports of that admirable but ungrammatical sailor, Sir Baldwin Walker, show that it is an ephemeral question, which is rapidly settling itself by the disappearance of the lobsters. Now that it takes eight whole lobsters to fill a pound can, the day of silence and reconciliation on the lobster question must be near at hand. As to the perennial questions of cod and other sea fishing, the draftsman of the arbitration agreement has airily introduced and disposed of them under the misleading description of "other subsidiary questions relating to the fisheries." But if haste is thus apparent, the reason for it is likewise to be found in the Blue-Book which contains the agreement. The British Government were obviously dallying with the French hints at a settlement to be effected by means of an exchange of territory, when their hands were forced by the intelligence that a notice was being posted and published broadcast over the shores of Newfoundland, pointing out to the fisher-people that the naval officers, who had been always regarded as possessing despotic powers, had no right whatever to enforce the obnoxious treaties. This document is not open to the charge of either obscurity or timidity. It is obviously the work of an up-to-date Imperialist, probably more or less in unison with ourselves on questions of personal liberty and foreign politics. "If an officer," so says the notice, "confiscates nets, lobster-pots, etc., as has often been done, have him arrested for theft, and brought before a magistrate like any common offender, no matter what his rank. . . . Pass the word up the coast that the empire, especially the colonies, of which Newfoundland is the oldest, expects every Newfoundlander to do his duty. . . . Newfoundlanders! your interests are sacrificed . . . by the Foreign Office, because it prefers the interests of the rich bankers and bondholders who have invested their money in Egyptian securities, and want no trouble with France." Within a fortnight after learning of this fear-some notice, Lord Salisbury had signed the agreement. That the powers of the naval officers could be regarded as thus visionary was no surprise to Lord Salisbury himself. The hypothesis was discussed before the local Courts in the case of Baird v. Walker, and the Marquis had opened his mind to Lord Knutsford on the subject in an elaborate letter of the 16th of February. But it was another matter when this dread secret of the Departments was coming to be matter of common knowledge among the wild fisher-folk themselves. The reason for the absence of due authority in the naval officers is curious and worth recalling. Newfoundland, although often spoken of as "our oldest colony," has, as a

matter of fact, only recently been allowed to develop into a colony at all. In justice to our ancestors, it should be known that when they signed the treaties, which we now find so inconvenient, they did not regard the island as a place open to settlement. It was under the sole jurisdiction of the Admirals, and subject to no law but their sweet will. Fixed settlement was as much prohibited to our countrymen as to the French. It was not until about 1794 that the island enjoyed the services of a judge, and it was well on into the reign of George IV. before any local authority was created for the enactment of laws. Even then, the necessary legislation for empowering the naval officers to enforce the treaties was enacted by the Imperial Parliament itself, which, by a statute 5 George IV. cap. 31, imposed a fine of £50 on everyone who refused to do as a naval officer told him. Time went on, and, in 1854, by some fluke, Newfoundland obtained "Responsible Government;" whilst, at the same time, the importance of the French Shore question almost wholly vanished from public notice. In this state of things—the craze at home being all for more or less futile reforms, the shortening of the law being one of them—the Act of George IV. happened to fall under the eagle eye of some zealous "Government draftsman," with a commission to include everything which looked obsolete in a "Statute Law Revision Bill," and the Act of George went into the schedule, and was gaily repealed with goodness only knows what else besides. That it had been so repealed remained unknown to all concerned until the pleadings in the action recently brought against Sir Baldwin Walker for closing Mr. Baird's lobster-factory under the *modus vivendi*; and then the knowledge of the repeal having extended to the Imperialist above mentioned, he circulated the notice which forced Lord Salisbury into arbitration, and determined Lord Knutsford to propose the unprecedented course of reviving the Act of George IV. in all its archaic incompleteness and redundancy.

The arbitration agreement is commendable in discarding crowned heads as arbitrators, and selecting private citizens of learning and probity instead. The principle is not quite novel, for Lord Salisbury introduced it into the abortive Anglo-Portuguese Convention of last August, as we noticed at the time. That principle is the one thing which can give vitality to the practice of international arbitration, and we sincerely hope that it will become the universal rule in such agreements.

The arbitration will not, of course, settle the difficulty or reconcile the Newfoundlanders to their situation. But it will be of advantage as setting us right with our own conscience and the world. So conscious are the Government that it will fail to remove the grievance of the colonists, that they are about to propose to guarantee a loan of £2,000,000 for public works in the island. It is this part of their scheme which will probably meet with the keenest Parliamentary criticism, and may form one of the most crucial questions of the present Session. Such a guarantee is objectionable on grounds of financial principle. It is almost avowedly a bribe—or, at all events, a sop. Whether such a sum can be usefully laid out in the island seems questionable; and there remains the obvious criticism that as soon as the money is spent the islanders will be more discontented and aggravating than before. But after all, what is a poor Cabinet to do, if it does not want to incur the blame either of a quarrel with France or of "breaking-up the empire"? We should not be surprised—seeing the profound ill-humour of the Newfoundlanders, not only towards this country but towards Canada—if they relieved all parties of embarrassment by shipping their Governor on board the mail-steamer, and hauling down the Union

Jack. In such a case they will probably find that even the Jingoos of the United States will pause before accepting an addition to the Republican territory, which is encumbered by treaty obligations of a very awkward kind with European Powers.

### THE LIQUOR LORD.

THE division on Wednesday afternoon on the Welsh Liquor Traffic Bill will afford immense encouragement to the friends of Temperance. It is a pity, however, that the party which last year fought the good fight against Mr. Ritchie's and Mr. Goschen's ingenious endeavours to turn the liquor licence into an estate were at the time without the potent weapons with which Mr. Summers's return as to on-licences would have armed them. Still, it comes in time to stop any further attempts to wind one of the most gigantic, as well as the most insinuating, of monopolies round our necks. As an exposure of the agreeable fiction that in expropriating, or reducing, the liquor interest, we shall be dealing with a class of small shopkeepers, the innkeepers of a bygone day, it is complete. Mr. Summers's return exhibits the drink traffic, first, as a great Brewers' Syndicate, with a number of tenants, acting as salesmen of their landlords' goods; and, secondly, as a simple and natural extension of the great land monopoly, under which, a few years ago, 1,700 people owned nine-tenths of Scotland, and 7,400 owned half England. It is a kind of brewers' genealogical tree, exhibiting the branching off of great lineal and collateral divisions of interests that have become too numerous for individual management; and it is also a shorthand guide to the British peerage. We believe that every duke whom fortune has allotted to these favoured isles—certainly, every English duke—will be found, in common with their retired butlers, "in the public-house line." Beyond question, all the great landowners—the lords of the soil and the mine—the Devonshires, the Bedfords, the Rutlands, the Derbys, the Lansdownes, the Butes, the Durhams, the Tollemaches, the Dudleys—are conspicuous in it. Lord Steyne has joined "Jeames of Buckley Square." In one licensing division in the county of Worcester every plural owner of public-houses is a peer. Lord Derby is master of 4,000 acres in the town of Bury, about two-thirds of the total area, and it is natural therefore to find him returned as the owner of twenty-one public-houses in that district alone, of over fifty in Lancashire, and of over seventy in all. In rural Derbyshire the great public-house interest is largely divided among three dukes—the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Rutland, and the Duke of Portland. The Ramsdens in Huddersfield and all over Yorkshire, the Bedfords in Beds and Cambs, in Tavistock and Bloomsbury, the Durhams in the county which bears their name, the Newcastles and Portlands in Notts, testify to the connection between the ownership of the land and of the drink-shop. In all, nineteen dukes appear in this return. In some centres—e.g., in Norfolk—the landowners figure less conspicuously than the brewers; while in others the landlord has apparently contrived to keep the brewer to his function as a wholesale trader. But in both cases the innkeeper disappears as the active, or at all events the main, factor in the industry. In the majority of cases, he has obviously no more "property" to confiscate, or be compensated for, than have the barmaids at Spiers and Pond's.

The return—while it is defective in many points

—gives information on two vital particulars: first, the number of cases in which the owner of a fully licensed house and the tenant of it are different persons; and, secondly, the number of instances in which the landlords own two or more houses. In Manchester there are 123 such monopolist owners, in Liverpool 97. But far more startling are the figures which show the cases in which tenant and owner are different persons. Counting the City, we find that over 10,000 fully licensed houses in London are so held; in Manchester, 2,054; in Liverpool, 2,008; in Birmingham, 1,535; in Bristol, 893; in Norwich (with less than 100,000 inhabitants), 603. Linked with these startling facts is the horrifying supremacy of the brewers. Firms like Greenall and Whitley (who own 568 tied houses in all), Fordham, Hanbury, Meux, Charrington, Peter Walker, Sydney Evershed, Ind Coope, spread their operations over four, five, or even six counties, and in some cases practically monopolise the trade of a town. Messrs. George and Co. have over 287 tied houses in Bristol, or about a third of the whole. Messrs. Steward and Patteson, a Norwich firm, unknown either to piety or the peerage—the two forms of distinction reserved for the brewing interest—have houses in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, 141 in Norwich alone, and 468 in all—covering nearly all the principal towns and licensing districts. Others appear in half a dozen counties, and may inscribe under their crests the Horatian maxim, "*Quæ caret ora liquore nostro?*"—"Where doesn't our liquor go?" In Norfolk two or three firms monopolise almost the whole trade in drink; in Birmingham, one brewing firm possesses 159 "tied houses"; another, 155. Messrs. Greenall have succeeded in planting 126 drink-shops in the "new and rising"—rising, God help it, to what?—township of St. Helen's; the Walkers have filled Liverpool with churches and drinking-dens; Daniel Thwaites and Co. own 132 houses in Blackburn, and have penetrated from that centre half over Lancashire; Messrs. Truman, Hanbury and Co. have covered the vast East End district lying round the Tower with 138 houses; and the great London landlords dole out with a sparser hand, and an eye on the depreciable elements of their property, the measures of alcohol they deem suitable to the tastes of Hanover Square or Holborn.

After Beer, Bible; after the brewers and the landlords, the Church. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners divide the honour of owning some of the worst slums in the metropolis with the lordship of over fifty fully licensed houses in London alone, to say nothing of their possessions in other parts of the kingdom, especially in the North of England. Clergymen, a bishop, and deans and chapters are sandwiched, as owners of public-house property, between charitable trusts and the semi-land-monopolies, like the great railway companies—whose collective command of the liquor traffic is very considerable—colleges, and corporations. Everywhere we meet the signs of the impersonal quality of the drink trade—its assimilation to the "great industry," the disappearance of the domestic, and therefore of the most harmless, the most easily controllable, features of the innkeeper's business. All this, of course, makes for the prohibitionist who would abolish the whole traffic, the Socialist who would municipalise it on the Swedish or the Norwegian plan, the statesman who must inevitably regulate it in the interests of the whole people. Fifty years ago no one contemplated that the landowner should add to his monopoly of the soil the provision, at fabulous profits, of intoxicating drink over thousands of acres, and in densely populated hives of industry, or that the brewery trade should develop into a



powerful branch of the landed interest. Yet these things have happened; and the federation of a dozen firms might very well place a good part of the drink supply of England and Wales under the control of a score men sitting round a Board and interested in dividends. And that is a kind of centralising process which neither the conscience nor the good sense of the nation would stand.

#### LYNCH LAW AT NEW ORLEANS.

THERE are some crises of human affairs which so far transcend the ordinary civilised experience that it is difficult to apply to them any recognised standard of judgment. Most people have read enough about certain unsettled parts of America to know that there may be a state of society in which the occasional intervention of a vigilance committee is a necessary engine of public opinion. The forms of law have failed, and the community have been forced to decide whether they would submit to an intolerable evil or exercise a summary and illegal jurisdiction. Nobody has inferred from this that lynch law is a desirable substitute for a lawful tribunal, or that the society in which it has operated will remain for ever in a condition of barbarism. Such a startling episode, however, as that at New Orleans, which is no frontier settlement, but a city in which justice is usually administered by the regular machinery of civilised countries, is naturally a shock to everyone who lives under a system of law that exercises an overwhelming moral authority. It is no easy matter to imagine a state of things in which it is the deliberate belief of the most respectable and orderly citizens that justice cannot be satisfied unless a prison is stormed by an armed mob, and certain men are done to death without trial. The tragedy at New Orleans was not executed by the violence of the most ignorant and excitable section of the populace. It was planned by men of character and responsibility, high in the esteem of their fellow-citizens, ready to face any judgment on their acts. It was approved by the municipal authorities, and by the whole commercial community; and it was undertaken only after the refusal of a jury to convict a gang of murderers. If it be said that there is no conclusive evidence of guilt, the answer is that nobody has upheld the jury on a point of law, or offered the smallest extenuation for the accused. It may be fairly assumed in the absence of any plea of this kind, that the indignation of the citizens was prompted by the grossest possible miscarriage of justice. Nothing has been alleged in favour of any of the prisoners, six of whom were acquitted, and as to three of whom the jury disagreed. It is admitted that they belonged to the worst stratum of the population. The Italian consul at Cincinnati, it is worthy of notice, has publicly disclaimed all sympathy with the particular class of his countrymen which they represented. Out of the whole Italian colony in New Orleans, numbering twenty thousand people, not one has come forward to give them even the shred of a character.

Moreover, it is not denied that they were members of the Mafia, a secret society which has exercised a terrorism in New Orleans for many years. The late chief of the police, Mr. Hennessy, incurred the animosity of the Mafia, apparently because he secured the extradition of a notorious Sicilian brigand. He was brutally murdered. For this crime nine men were indicted, and in the teeth of the evidence—unless public opinion in New Orleans has made an incredible blunder—they escaped the law, because the jury were either bribed or intimidated. So strong is the general belief as to

the bribery, that the foreman of the jury has been forced to quit the city. Now here is pretty convincing testimony that the law was defeated by an assassination league, that the administration of justice was suspended, and that the murder of a most responsible official for the discharge of his duty was unavenged. It was not a political crime. This was no case in which unscrupulous men had compromised a legitimate policy and stained an honourable cause by striking a foul blow at the Government. It was not a case in which the great majority of a nation were made to suffer in repute, and by curtailment of their liberties, for the act of fanatics. That is the answer to those who think fit to invent an analogy between the Mafia and the excesses of the National movement in Ireland. The citizens of New Orleans had simply to deal with a nest of ruffians and assassins who represented no principle to which any decent Italian or American gives any countenance. What was to be done? It is easy to say that the prisoners might have been tried again, but if the technicalities had permitted a fresh trial on the capital charge, what guarantee was there that it would not have had the same issue? No doubt the people of New Orleans might have accepted this as a stroke of destiny. They might have said, "The chief of police has been murdered, and his assassins have gone scot-free. Probably his successors will share the same fate, and the Mafia will enjoy the same impunity. But better this should be so, better that murder should be tacitly licensed by the timidity or depravity of juries, better that a secret society of disreputable foreigners should override the laws of a State of the American Union, than that we should take any step in self-defence which is not recognised by statute, and by the usages of a society in which murderers do not defy the tribunals and escape the penalty." This would have been a piece of stoical philosophy; but there is something to be said for men who could not all at once adjust their minds to this view of their social obligations. They decided, not without some cool consideration, that as the law was paralysed, they would not hand over the government of an American city to a gang of Italian desperadoes. They gave forcible effect to their judgment by killing the prisoners and, incidentally, one or two men who are said to have taken no direct part in Mr. Hennessy's murder, but who are not said to be simple Italian citizens entirely unconnected with the secret society. The distinction between a member of the Mafia with a particular man's blood virtually on his hands, and another member who happens to have been otherwise employed, ought certainly to be observed, but is not so vital as to affect the general issue whether this act of lynch law was, in the main, justifiable.

The whole transaction is most deplorable; but it may fairly be regarded as one of those emergencies in which men may be excused for believing that informal retribution is alone compatible with the public safety. Lawlessness has been met by lawlessness, but there is no reason to fear that the law will not be respected in New Orleans when it really exercises its authority. Unfortunately the weakest point of the Republic is its judicial system. The widespread corruption of public life is apt to generate suspicion of the legal tribunals. If the New Orleans jury were bought, the incident would not be by any means novel; but it is probable that the lynching will prove a salutary stimulus to the public spirit of jurymen. When they next try a murderer of the Mafia type, they may see the expediency of remembering the recent lesson. As for the threat of a wholesale vendetta, that is a game which may lead to the extermination

or expulsion of every Italian who defies the law. In such a matter the Americans are likely to take excellent care of themselves, and Italy is not going to make international complications for the sake of a crew of ruffians who practise in an American city the virtues of Sicilian brigands. As the Federal Government has no authority in Louisiana, the New Orleans lynchers will read with composure the correspondence between Mr. Blaine and the Italian Minister at Washington. And, in course of time, honest and orderly Italians in America will not be disposed to identify their interests and susceptibilities with those of the Mafia.

#### THE PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENTARY COUNSEL.

**A**BUSES die hard. Mr. Hanbury has for some time been known as an intrepid member of the Conservative party, who is quite capable, even when Whips look cold, of taking an independent line; but in his latest exploit he has entered into conflict with a vested interest, which will not readily allow its protests to be quelled. Last week, as Chairman of a Private Bill Committee, Mr. Hanbury laid down the rule that no counsel appearing before the Committee would be allowed to cross-examine a witness unless he had been present during the witness's examination-in-chief. This decision created a panic at the Bar. Mr. Pope, as the genial pillar of the privileges threatened, undertook to beard the innovator in the chair. But Mr. Hanbury and his colleagues remained blandly firm; and, thereupon, followed by a train of eminent Q.C.'s, Mr. Pope departed in dudgeon from the room. Since then, little has occurred to modify the situation, and, subject to angry protests, the ruling of the Committee has prevailed.

The position of the Committee is unquestionably strong. They maintain that the object of the whole procedure is the public interest, and they are of opinion that the present custom—by which distinguished Q.C.'s drop in to cross-examine without having heard the examination-in-chief, not knowing what the witness has said, and having only the notes of their juniors to guide them—wastes time, and is fair neither to the parties nor to the Court. Moreover, whatever may be the practice elsewhere, there is no doubt that Committees of the House have laid down this rule before, and that Mr. Hanbury has precedents behind him. On the other side, the argument is imperfectly sustained. The Parliamentary lawyers appear to forget that the system of Private Bill Committees was not immediately invented for the benefit of the Bar. They maintain that they have so many briefs that they cannot possibly attend to them all, and can only, at most, put in an appearance at the critical stage of each. They declare that professional opinion is in their favour—an argument at which the callous world may be allowed to smile—and that, if such a rule was ever laid down before, it has been proved to be unworkable, because it has never actually prevailed. They allege that this is a matter of etiquette of which they alone can be the judges, and that if their clients are satisfied, no one else has the right to complain. Impartial observers may be inclined to think that the reason why the Committee's rule has never obtained, lies in the strength of the interest threatened, not in the shock which it gave to the public conscience; that, if etiquette is to be the guide, etiquette certainly requires a counsel who cross-examines to be present during an examination-in-chief; that the Parliamentary Committee are bound to consider the public time; and that they

will confer a benefit on all parties to suits if they will compel Parliamentary leaders to attend more carefully to their work.

These considerations derive additional force from the peculiar character of the Parliamentary Bar. The counsel who practise before Parliamentary Committees occupy a very fortunate position. Their work is of a high class. It requires, of course, gifts of its own, but no great store of legal learning. It needs not the erudition of the Equity Bar. It involves none of the disagreeable contact which sometimes accompanies Common Law work. It has a noble scale of fees. The Parliamentary Bar is practically a close corporation working under very favourable conditions, with very long holidays, with substantial clients, and in several cases with incomes that are agreeably, even notoriously, large. Of all professional bodies, the Parliamentary Bar is in the worst position for claiming exceptional rights. We do not like to mention sordid figures in connection with an institution so highly privileged, and for the leaders of which all who know them have a genuine respect; but we can conceive that there are base minds to whom the question in its barest form appears to be, whether eminent lawyers are to be allowed to insist on a practice which wastes time and damages their clients, because, if the practice be altered, they cannot make £15,000 or £20,000 a year. It has been asserted that, if Mr. Hanbury's view prevails, the public will ultimately suffer. But we confess that that argument appears to us to owe its inspiration to the Bar, which is ever ready to identify the public interest with its own, although it is not always so ready to perceive that the lawyers' loss may sometimes be the public gain. That a rule which would expedite proceedings, and compel leading counsel to give more attention to their briefs, would be to the public advantage, is so clear as hardly to need demonstration, and the converse is scarcely capable of proof. That these ends are more important than the addition of some hundreds or thousands annually to a few large incomes, is a position equally difficult to assail. On these grounds we congratulate Mr. Hanbury on his enterprise, and in the struggle which he has undertaken we confess ourselves to be upon his side.

#### THE BANKING CRISIS IN PARIS.

**T**HE crisis through which Paris passed last week affords another piece of evidence that every great market in the world has been involved in much bad business by the reckless speculation of the past few years. It is to be feared, too, that the worst, as regards the Paris market, is not yet known. The Banque des Dépôts et Comptes Courants was founded in 1863 on the model of the English banks; that is to say, it was to receive deposits from the public, and to use the money in discounting bills and lending upon good and easily realisable security. The capital has since been increased to 80 millions of francs, or a little under 3½ millions sterling; and of this amount only one-fourth, or 20 millions of francs, is paid up. The bank was known to have got into difficulties, and, indeed, during the last three years has been gradually losing ground, as is proved by the fact that its deposits decreased in the three years from about 110 millions of francs to about 80 millions of francs. Yet its credit was so good that immediately before its collapse the shares stood at a considerable premium. In other words, the real position of the bank was known only to the well-informed few; the general public regarded it



as a sound and carefully managed institution. The shares are of the nominal value of 500 francs, or £20 sterling (125 francs being paid), and at the close of business on Saturday, March 7th, they were quoted at 585. They began to fall rapidly on the following Monday, and at the close of business on the following Friday they had declined to 300 francs. It will be recollected that there is a liability on these shares of 375 francs, so that the holders were willing to give away 75 francs per share to get rid of the liability. The difficulties of the bank originated in unwise company-mongering; entering, that is to say, into syndicates to render successful issues of companies and loans. It is also said to have advanced large amounts to houses which had made unfortunate speculations in the Argentine Republic. And recently it had been condemned in a law-suit, together with another bank, to pay seven millions of francs; and, since the other bank is insolvent, the whole liability, it was feared, would fall upon it. On Monday of last week rumours respecting the bank began to circulate; on the following day there was a run upon the deposits, and the bank had to apply for assistance to the Bank of France. It was refused, and then the Minister of Finance intervened; the Bank of France advanced sixty million francs, and other French banks guaranteed the Bank of France to the extent of fifteen million francs.

The difficulties of the bank are, as will be seen, the immediate outcome of the Argentine crisis; but they are the natural result of a bad system of management. The statutes of the bank—or, as we should call them, the Articles of Association—strictly confine it to the proper business of a deposit bank. It now turns out that it did not so confine itself. To some extent, in lending upon Argentine securities the management may have been merely mistaken; the loans may have been made at a time when Argentine credit stood high, and when, consequently, the directors and managers may have believed that the securities were amply sufficient. Further, they may probably have thought that the credit of the borrowing houses was so high that there was no possible danger in making the advances. But if there is an excuse regarding the advances upon Argentine securities, there appears to be absolutely no justification for their entering into syndicates to promote new issues. That was a kind of business altogether outside the scope of the bank, and should never have been engaged in. Here in London, as our readers are aware, banks do not allow interest upon the daily balances kept by their customers, but the Banque des Dépôts did allow such interest, and, apparently, it found that by so doing it was not possible to earn the large dividends which its competitors were able to distribute amongst their shareholders by entering into syndicates and generally by loan-mongering. In an evil hour the directors departed from their own proper business and began to compete with their rivals. Since the end of last year, when it was unsuccessful in the law-suit referred to above, the credit of the bank has rapidly been declining; and when, on Monday of last week, rumours respecting it began to circulate, an official announcement was made that negotiations were going on for the reorganisation of the bank with the assistance of two important financial groups. The announcement, instead of reassuring the depositors, alarmed them by admitting that there was a foundation for the unfavourable rumours afloat; and when once the run began, the fate of the bank was sealed. As the Bank of France has consented to advance so large a sum, it is to be presumed that there are good assets. In any case the shareholders are liable for 60 millions of francs;

but of course it remains to be seen whether the shareholders are in a position to pay the 375 francs per share for which they are liable. If they are, all the creditors will be paid in full, and the Bank of France, as well as the guaranteeing banks, will suffer no loss. But, of course, many of the shareholders will be ruined. On the other hand, if a large proportion of the shareholders are not able to pay the calls, there may be a considerable deficit.

There is much discussion in the City and amongst economists as to whether the new method of dealing with financial panics is right or wrong—the method, we mean, according to which Finance Ministers intervene to prevent great failures, and induce the State banks to give the pecuniary help that is required for that purpose. M. Rouvier has twice done this in Paris—in the case of the Comptoir d'Escompte two years ago, and now again in the case of the Banque des Dépôts; and in November last Mr. Goschen followed the example in the case of the Messrs. Baring. The intervention clearly prevents a formidable panic which might have widespread consequences; but, on the other hand, it throws upon the State bank very serious responsibilities, it keeps hanging over markets a vast mass of unliquidated liabilities, and it seems to encourage reckless financiering. The heads of great houses, or the directors of great banks, if they engage in doubtful business and cannot count upon outside assistance, have always to bear in mind that they may ruin themselves, or wreck the institution committed to their care. But if they have reason to expect that, rather than allow them to fail, and therefore to bring on a panic, the Finance Minister and the State bank will step in to their assistance, one deterring influence—and a very important one, too—is immediately removed. It is notorious that the Banque des Dépôts is not the only French financial institution which has locked up its capital, and therefore is not in a position to meet a run upon its deposits. Had the Banque des Dépôts been allowed to fail, it is reasonably certain that there would have been a run upon other banks, and the consequences might have been very serious. To this, those who object to the new method reply that, though the consequences would have been serious, all the really bad business would have been brought to light, and after a sharp crisis a recovery would begin; whereas the new method, by stopping a panic, allows the bad business to go on and to accumulate, and makes another panic probable sooner or later. There is force, undoubtedly, in the argument; but we must remember that the sharp crisis which is recommended is not followed by such rapid recovery as is talked of. Everyone who remembers the Overend Gurney failure will also remember that a considerable time elapsed before credit was restored; while the suffering of the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank reminds us that it is very often innocent people who bear the worst penalty of these sharp crises.

#### ON GREEN BENCHES.

"**T**HANK God we have a House of Commons!" said Lord Brabourne the other day, in an unwonted burst of democratic enthusiasm. Perhaps the assembly which Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen adorned did not show at its best over the debate on Sir Edward Watkin's Railway Extension Bill. Mr. Boulnois is physically and morally an excellent sample of the London burgher, and there was no reason why the House should greet with rude

guffaws his plea for the "pure air of St. John's Wood." It is a fact, however, that the discussion of Sir Edward Watkin's proposal to run a new trunk-line extension to London, through the groves sacred to the decorative arts, did not proceed on entirely business-like lines. The audience resembled a house at the Royalty during the French-play season, intent on equivocation, and watchful for the bye-play of Judic or Chaumont. Mr. Broadhurst did something to put solidity and tone into a debate which was fast degenerating into a revelry of double intent. The air of Leicester and Nottingham seemed, on the whole, to have a more salubrious breath than that of St. John's Wood; and Leicester and Nottingham, said Mr. Broadhurst sturdily, were in favour of this Bill. The Leicester-Nottingham view was also vigorously upheld by Mr. Picton; and the sober severities of English life were further enforced by Mr. Labouchere. To do it justice, the House having wrung well dry the fount of vaguely indelicate suggestion it derived from Mr. Boulnois' speech, amply atoned for its levity in the division. The hamadryads of St. John's Wood were nowhere.

Mr. Smith has the good fortune to happen on times ideally suited to his enterprises on the Constitution. He has succeeded where scores of men have failed, for the simple reason that he is destitute of every one of the Parliamentary arts which challenge debate and awaken human interest. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, is never more unfortunate than when proposing changes in House of Commons procedure. He constructed an ideal reform, defended it with elaborate logic, with minute appeals to precedent, with persistent eloquence. Result—he was remorselessly obstructed. Mr. Smith gets involved in the usual tangle in which the absence of a system of delegation winds every leader of the House, and cuts it with a resolution, moved in a dozen formless sentences, abolishing the rights of the private member. This shows his skill, for the private member, strong in himself, is powerless as a Parliamentary force. He cannot combine. He is a restless atomy, at war with every other atom. Nor does he, on the whole, deserve a much better fate than he gets. Attendance at the House has now perhaps reached the lowest point known for many years. Like Calverley's hero, it is dying "of disgust;" it has no mind but for its latter end. Government holds together a House just sufficient—and only just—for its daily purposes. On private members' nights the difficulty of forming a quorum is as a rule only surmounted when the Government is afraid to run the bare chance of the carrying of a dangerous motion. Who can defend rights so languidly supported? Not the House of Commons, knows cunning Mr. Smith, and though this year he is forwarder both with legislation and with supply than in any other session of the present Parliament, he has now reserved for the Government the better part of four days out of the five of the Parliamentary week. It was useless for Mr. Gladstone to protest. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck had his eye upon him, and proceeded to show, with the easy dislocation of speech which is his habitual style, that the ex-Premier must have "forgowhamanneromanhewa," since that statesman had, under similar difficulties, made very similar proposals himself. Mr. Bentinck, however, is a favourite with the House, which is tolerant of every form of shambling oratory, but does not love a bore. So when Mr. Gedge suggested that the reason for the failure of private members to keep a House on Tuesdays and Fridays was that dull men talked on dull subjects, he was hailed with a merry and merciless shout. However, the discussion was not without its effect. The surrendered sittings will, on Mr. Labouchere's suggestion, be largely given up to supply, and we have some little chance of avoiding the annual scandal of rushed Estimates, in comparison with which the slaughter of Bills is a venial Parliamentary offence.

Mr. Raper should be happy to-day. Since the memory of the Parliamentary man, he has been waiting for a sign. He has attended every temperance debate since there was a temperance cause to discuss, and he has at length seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied. The debate on Mr. Bowen Rowlands' Local Veto and Option Bill saw the most important and the most sweeping triumph of legislative teetotalism which the century has witnessed. When a Conservative Government declines to bind its followers to vote against a measure which is in many respects a revival, in the interests of Wales, of the old Permissive Bill—with some of its features (*e.g.*, the period during which the popular veto is to run) enhanced in stringency—and when the Bill is carried by a majority of six, it is time to set one's face steadily for a period of temperance legislation. As the figures were read out, Mr. Raper, from his nook in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, led an unofficial and grossly unparliamentary round of hand-clapping, Sir Wilfrid the while gloating silently in the corner-seat from which he had watched the debate.

Perhaps what commended the Bill to a House that loves compromise and loathes a straight issue, was its ingenious offer of three alternatives—a kind of ascending scale for the popular conscience on the liquor question—viz., total prohibition by a two-thirds majority, a reduction of licences by a bare majority, and a veto on new licences by the same process. But let there be credit where credit is due. For once the bulk of the Unionists, freed by Mr. Matthews from the haunting fear of turning out the Government, delivered an honest Parliamentary verdict. Mr. Russell's forcible harangue would, indeed, have done admirably, with a few words omitted or added, as a plea for Home Rule; and an interruption of this character was met by Mr. Russell with the maladroit rejoinder that you could not carry out your principles to their logical issue. For the rest, the debate was remarkable for an interesting, dialectical duel between Mr. Matthews against the Bill and Mr. Morley for, which took something of this form:—

*Mr. Matthews:* That the popular veto is tyrannical, and contrary to the main principle of our legislation, which restrains people who hurt others, but does not curb the moderate man because of the excesses of the immoderate.

*Mr. Morley (and others):* That the principle of the *plébiscite ad hoc* is already embodied in our legislation—*e.g.*, on the Free Libraries Question—that it works well as the Referendum; that as for tyranny, the great landowners already shut up public-houses on their estates, and that a local public asks for no larger powers, in the interests of order and morals, than the landlord exercises for his convenience and pleasure; and that it is better for the majority—the large majority—to exercise compulsion over the minority than (as now), for the minority to offend the majority.

*Mr. Matthews:* That the Statute Book is crammed with the wrecks of temperance legislation—*e.g.*, that in America prohibition has failed, and has led to secret drinking, and that the same is true of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act.

*Mr. Morley (and others):* That, on the contrary, the Royal Commission declined to repeal the Welsh Sunday Closing Act on the ground of its success; that prohibition in the States has reduced intemperance; and that Lord Aberdare's legislation is admitted on all hands to be successful.

*Mr. Matthews:* That you can't make people sober by Act of Parliament.

*Mr. Morley (and others):* That that is just as pertinent as an argument against temperance legislation as to say that because you cannot make people personally clean you should not pass measures dealing with sanitation.

*Mr. Matthews:* That only 19,000 Welsh rate-payers out of 90,000 canvassed for the Bill were in favour of the popular veto.



*Mr. Morley:* That in that case there was no cause for alarm, as no veto could be effective unless supported by a two-thirds majority, either of votes or of ratepayers.

And so on, the temperance party getting rather the best of each exchange.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**T**HE Commission of Inquiry into the alleged Italian atrocities at Massowah has held its first meeting, and the members have bound themselves to absolute secrecy during the proceedings. It is to be presided over by Signor Armo, Procurator-General of the Supreme Court and a Senator.

In an interview General Baldissera, lately in command at Massowah, has contradicted Livraghi's statements in some detail, stating in particular that several of the friendly chiefs whose execution is referred to in the memoir are demonstrably alive. The London papers generally, with the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have barely mentioned the allegations; and the *Times* correspondent at Rome telegraphed on Wednesday that he had not done so because they were obviously concocted by unscrupulous politicians with the aid of the miserable criminal Livraghi; that the high character of the Italian army rendered such things impossible, and that fresh evidence already proved them to be so. This may be, though the fresh evidence has not yet been published, and the *Times* correspondent is inexact as to the manner in which the news first appeared. But what would have been said if the London correspondent of a New York paper in April, 1887, had refrained from mentioning the first Parnell facsimile letter on the ground that it was inconsistent with the character of Mr. Parnell and was published by opponents who would stick at nothing?

Livraghi's extradition has not yet been effected, because the offences for which it was demanded are not in the Swiss-Italian extradition treaty. The charge has now been altered to homicide, which is of course specified there. But the evidence must come from Massowah, and this will take time. A curious story is published by an Ultramontane paper at Lugano that he had applied for admission to the Capuchin order at the monastery of Bigorio, not far from the town, on the ground that he was weary of life; and this step, it is hinted, led to his arrest.

At the beginning of the week it was said that the Emperor was reconciled to Count Waldersee, who had called upon Prince Bismarck, who was doing his best to prove that he never quarrelled with either. But on Wednesday a Munich paper brought out a new version of the quarrel. The Emperor had never meant to prosecute the Prince; but he had been trying to recover certain letters written by himself during his father's last illness, which the Prince refused to return; and the visits to the latter of Count Schouvaloff and Count Waldersee had been attempts to induce him to do so. At the same time, Prince Bismarck's organ in Hamburg recommenced its attacks on the Government. Prince Bismarck will be 76 on April 1st. The Emperor's letter of congratulation is anxiously awaited, and people are wondering whether it will be sent at all. There seems little doubt that he will accept the seat in the Reichstag if he is elected. It seems probable, too, that Ministerial changes may take place in an anti-Liberal direction. Herr von Puttkamer, formerly the Prussian Minister of the Interior, who resigned in 1888 because he regarded the rescript of the Emperor Frederick, urging Government officials to exhibit impartiality at the pending elections, as a personal affront, is spoken of as a possible Governor of Pomerania; and this is denied in Conservative quarters on the ground that he is reserved for a higher post. Herr von Gossler's retirement from the Ministry of Public Worship is

supposed to indicate further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

The death of Herr Windthorst—one of the three or four ablest Parliamentary tacticians of Europe—only a few weeks after his eightieth birthday, adds another element of uncertainty to the immediate future of Germany. The "Centre party" in the Reichstag is a coalition, chiefly of Ultramontanes and Conservative landowners, consisting of about 120 members—nearly half the normal Opposition, though it may now very likely prove to be the main support of the Government. For the vacant leadership, Count Ballestern and Herr Porsch are spoken of, though the latter is said to be too Liberal; Count Preysing and Baron von Huene are said to be extremists in the other direction; and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* has mentioned Baron von Schorlemervon Alst, who has been out of political life for reasons of health for some time, but is said to be quite able to re-enter it. But all these seem to be comparatively unknown, and presumably of second-rate ability, and Herr Windthorst's loss will very probably prove irreparable.

The delegates from Alsace-Lorraine have been entertained by the Emperor, and their request for the relaxation of the passport regulations has been definitely refused. Count von Moltke has made a brief speech in the Reichstag in favour of a standard time for all Germany.

Apart from the supersession of Count d'Aubigny as Minister in Egypt—partly because he allowed himself to be interviewed by a journalist, chiefly because of the difficulty with England about the French judges—and from the reference of the Newfoundland question to arbitration, there is little French news this week. Bye-elections everywhere, whether to the Senate, the Chamber, or the Departmental Councils, continue to testify to the increasing stability of the Republic. The difficulties of municipal government at Nîmes (a centre of Monarchical feeling) have been obviated by the return of the Republican list against an alliance of Monarchists, Boulangists, and Socialists, headed by M. Numa Gilly; and the rejection of M. Pouyer-Quertier, the veteran Protectionist leader and Bonapartist, at a bye-election to the Senate, indicates that even the present Protectionist mania in France can dispense with leaders who are not Republican. The discussion on the tariff is postponed until after Easter. In its stead have come an absurd debate on the financial crisis, initiated on Saturday by M. Laur, the Boulangist, who has discovered that the Jews have formed a plot to break all the "Aryan banks" one after the other; a Bill checking the doctoring of wines; and another excluding foreign medical men from practising in France unless they have graduated in a French university, which is hard on English doctors and patients on the Riviera.

After a long struggle, Prince Napoleon died on Tuesday evening. General Camponon, a former Minister of War under MM. Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and Brisson, is also dead.

Count Taaffe has been negotiating with the chiefs of various Parliamentary groups, particularly with Herr von Plener, the Liberal leader; but the negotiations have suddenly been broken off. It is now said that he will either form a majority, as before, out of Slav and other anti-German and anti-Liberal elements, or go on with no programme and no regular party, forming a temporary majority out of various groups as occasion may arise. Both plans are, of course, utterly inconsistent with the intention with which the Reichstag was dissolved.

Switzerland was full of political activity last Sunday. A popular vote was taken on a Federal law providing retiring pensions for Federal employés—a relatively important class, considering the development of the postal service and the tendency of the Federation to control the railways. The law was rejected by the crushing majority of 342,137 to 90,461—and by every canton, except Geneva and Basel City. Much of the opposition was not

based on its merits, but was the outcome of Catholic and Conservative dissatisfaction with recent proceedings of the Federal Government. But the most democratic cantons, Zürich, Neuchâtel, the Grisons and Bern, rejected it no less decidedly than the most Ultramontane; apparently because, like the democracy of Denmark and Mr. Chamberlain, they want a general scheme of national insurance, and so do not wish to favour State officials especially. In Lucerne a popular vote was taken—on the initiative of the Liberals—on the revision of the Cantonal Constitution. They were beaten by a majority of about three to two. In festive little Zug there was also a popular vote, chiefly on the questions of freedom to drink and to dance, *i.e.*, abolition of the licences now required for publicans and for dancing-halls. But clerical influence procured the rejection of both. The Radicals in Ticino are agitating vigorously for a fresh revision of the new Constitution, hoping to win next time by the aid of the non-resident vote.

The elections in Buenos Ayres (according to a telegram to the *Standard* of Wednesday) have passed off satisfactorily. Two leaders of the Union Civica, and prominent opponents of Celman in the Revolution last year, are returned. General Mitre, a Presidential candidate, has been enthusiastically received at Buenos Ayres. The financial situation has been improving rapidly.

The Chilean "insurgents" still hold Tarapaca, but the Government has abundant troops, and has succeeded in capturing some vessels from its adversaries. New men-of-war, now in preparation in France, will probably be allowed to sail. The end seems further off than ever, and great suffering is alleged to exist among the foreign residents. Serious charges, too, are brought against the Government troops. But all the news seems more or less doubtful.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AT ETON.

MR. GLADSTONE was much interested on his visit to Eton last Saturday by the sight of some verses at the Provost's Lodge, for which he and his contemporaries had been "sent up for good." Mr. Gladstone's subsequent efforts in this line, though far above the average of such things, are not equal to the polished proflusions of Lord Wellesley and Lord Lyttelton, still less to the almost classical perfection of Mr. Munro and Mr. Jebb. The inordinate attention which used to be bestowed at Eton upon Latin verse, especially upon that least profitable form of it known as "original" verse, was seldom justified by the results. The accomplishment is one to which very few attain, and in which consummate excellence is alone worth attaining. Boys seldom make much of it, though they sometimes imitate Ovid with skill and success. It takes time to acquire the knowledge of the Greek and Roman poets necessary for playing the game according to the rules. For the best specimens of this art are, and must be, mere centos, introducing the largest possible number of tags from Virgil or Ovid, from Horace or the *Poete Scenici*, as the case may be. One of the greatest scholars now living said that he was twenty before he realised what the Virgilian hexameter was, and then it came to him as if by instinct. But of course what appeared to be a sudden flash was really the result of familiarity.

Mr. Gladstone in his lecture, which was not fully reported in the *Times*, though it appeared to be so, mentioned the well-known fact that boys' verses are written for the most part to scan rather than to construe. That is to say, the poet, if we may call him so for want of a better name, concentrates his mind, if this term may be pardoned in such a connection, upon certain metrical rules, and has no thought to spare for the meaning of what he writes. It would be difficult to devise a form of composition, or indeed of intellectual labour, more slovenly and

demoralising. The Provost adroitly angled last Saturday evening for a Conservative manifesto in favour of compulsory Greek. Such at least appeared to be the drift of his remarks. If so, he failed in his attempt. "I have not the smallest desire," said Mr. Gladstone, "that all boys should be put upon the bed of Procrustes, and either contracted or expanded to the possession of Greek and Latin, especially of Greek culture." But that is exactly what the advocates of compulsory Greek do desire. Their assumptions seem to us profoundly fallacious. They say, for instance, that it is a choice between compulsory Greek and no Greek at all. Strange that educated men should talk such nonsense! Considering the enormous encouragement which, quite apart from all compulsory processes, is given to the study of Greek by scholarships and fellowships, and "posts of honour and emolument even in this world," as Dean Gaisford said, one might as well argue that no one would go to Court unless a few official personages were obliged to go. It is also alleged that the classics, especially the Greek classics, are peculiar and distinguished for being studied on their own merits, without regard to the vulgar and mundane motives which prompt men to the pursuit of other knowledge. Have these most innocent of controversialists never heard of scholastic and academic pot-hunting? We will venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction from any schoolmaster or college tutor, that there is no subject more frequently or more strenuously "got up" for pecuniary purposes, in contemplation of what it will fetch in the market, than the language and literature of Greece.

The late Lord Halifax used to say, "My double first was better than Peel's; but Gladstone's was better than mine." He meant that the standard was continually rising. Mr. Gladstone's simultaneous devotion to classics and mathematics saved him from narrowness. It would also entitle him to say, if he pleased, that a mathematician ought not to complain of being made to learn a difficult language for which he has no inclination. He does not say so, however, as we have seen. He recognises that it is a mistake to worry a boy or a man, honestly working in his own line, with foreign studies which will never be pursued to the morally remunerative point. Mathematicians think that any intelligent person can understand mathematics. They are wrong. Macaulay was an intelligent person. So was Sir William Hamilton. So are numerous and less distinguished individuals, to whom the binomial theorem is a nightmare, and who, if they have to learn Euclid, learn him by heart. Either a literary or a scientific education is enough for most people. How many hundreds of Englishmen are there who have been through the "grand old fortifying classical curriculum," and yet could not even correct the Greek in last Monday's *Times*? Mr. Huxley has somewhere said that no one is so miserable as a scientific man without literature, except a literary man without science. Both classes are tolerably large, and both conceal their misery from the public eye. Mr. Huxley stands, indeed, on a peculiar eminence, which ordinary mortals can only contemplate from afar. As a man of science, he despises men of letters. As a man of letters, he despises men of science. His arrogance—as readers of the *Nineteenth Century* have enjoyed many opportunities of observing—is in striking contrast with Mr. Gladstone's humility. The picture of Artemis which Mr. Gladstone painted on Saturday is a fair and stately one, but he himself presented a nobler picture still. Sixty years' incessant contact with the world, with much that was mean as well as with much that was dignified, have left his simplicity unimpaired, his enthusiasm unabated, his ardour for knowledge unquenched, his interest in the coming generations unaffected by time. Perhaps Homer never consciously thought out the conception of Artemis as an earth-goddess. Perhaps he did not separate her type of beauty from Aphrodite's, or one type of beauty from another. Perhaps Homer is only a convenient



name for a school of rhapsodists and ballad-mongers who flourished long before written characters were known. "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."

#### A NEW ROAD THROUGH ENGLAND.

WE confess an inability to sympathise with the opposition of St. John's Wood to a new line of trunk railway connecting the Midlands with the metropolis. A cloistered virtue is always delightful; but we may pay too heavy a price for retaining an abode of purity and peace on the outskirts of a city-province inhabited by five millions of only moderately excellent people. For consider the case against Sir Edward Watkin and his new extension as contrasted with that which might be urged against every great railway company running its network of arteries into and from the great heart of our industrial and social life. The railway *entrepreneur* must interfere with somebody; but then he is the maker of the people's long-distance roads—the modern substitutes for the "Queen's highway"—and the chief carrier of their persons and goods. With whom does he interfere in St. John's Wood? With a small colony of artists, City men, and one of the villa settlements which no modern city is without. On the other hand, most of the other great trunk lines, especially the Midland, the Great Eastern, and the Southern lines, reach their termini through miles of narrow roads, flanked by hundreds and thousands of artisan houses, with a few inches of ground intervening between their back doors and the railway boundary. No doubt it is cheaper for Sir Edward Watkin to have to compensate a few villa residents than to buy up a densely peopled quarter, but in view of the fact that our railway system is already burdened with a hundred millions of capital in excess of the fair price of the land through which it runs, he can hardly be blamed for trying to spare an extra million or two for his shareholders. As for the carrying interests involved, there can be no doubt of their magnitude. At this hour, London, though it is the centre of everything, can neither feed itself, nor house itself, nor carry itself. Its coal supply is restricted, because the Midland cannot do its proper share of conveyance; its fish supply, especially of the commoner kinds, is largely spoiled; while its workers, though they are surrounded by charming and particularly healthy tracts of country, stifle in mazes of foul courts, lined with noisome dens. Unregulated competition in our railroads has produced confusion rather than completeness of service. There is no proper connection between the North and the Continent, and the fares on nearly all the local lines are disgracefully high, as well as grossly irregular. Now, it happens that the new extension of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway offers a chance of remedying some of these evils. It will bring Grimsby fish direct to town; it will connect London with important coal districts, with Buckinghamshire, and with two great manufacturing centres, numbering together nearly 400,000 inhabitants; and it gives Sir Edward a chance of slipping in a direct service from the North, *via* King's Cross and Farringdon Street, to Charing Cross, and thus linking Manchester with Dover, and manufacturing England with her Continental customers. It brings perceptibly nearer the scheme of a central London terminus, which will at some distant day evoke order out of the chaos of railway competition. Against these benefits we have to set the sacrosanctity of St. John's Wood and the preservation of a snip of ground some yards underneath one end of Lord's Cricket Ground. Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that the House of Commons declined to encourage an opposition which had no kind of reality about it, and which happened

to run counter to some very substantial popular interests.

Of course, we are not in favour of a free gift to Sir Edward Watkin, or to any other magnate who applies for a lease of English land for private purposes of his own. But there is no such proposal. The excellent precedent set by the Committee which has had before it the London Central Railway Bill shows to what extent new concessions to capital can be balanced by the increasing public regard for the claims of labour. If Sir Edward Watkin gets his new line, he will necessarily have to provide a local service. That will be largely identical with the Metropolitan extension to Aylesbury, and will of course be connected with the Inner Circle. It will run through a charming country, admirably suited for working-class dwellings. The Committee will obviously have the power of fixing a maximum fare for workmen on the zone system, which is perfectly applicable to London (on the Central Line six miles will be travelled for a penny), and of stipulating for a fixed number of trains a day. Before the new line gets into operation, it will have largely to regularise the rates for the carriage of agricultural and manufacturing produce; and it will be moved in this direction by the fierce competition of the Great Northern and the Midland. Sir Edward has now crept a mile or so nearer the heart of London than any of his rivals, and he will have to pay for the privilege. That he can be made to give an adequate return to the classes out of which he expects to reap dividends—the artisans of London, the farmers of Bucks, and the manufacturers of Leicester and Nottingham, with the workshop of England behind them, there can be no shadow of doubt whatever. It is all a matter of bargaining; and as the value of a great monopoly increases—for it is obvious that London cannot be indefinitely supplied with railways—so should the public interest in the speculation. By all means, let Sir Edward come to Marylebone Road, and so to his great southern terminus; and let us charge him handsomely for yielding him so magnificent a field of profit and enterprise.

#### A LESSER LIGHT.

DIAZ was a planet among the great fixed stars whose lights began to reach us in 1860—Courbet, Corot, Manet, Millet, and Rousseau. Steadfast and immortal are the lights that these great painters shed upon the world of art. The light that Diaz sheds is uncertain and ephemeral. The light he sheds to-day is the light of a star in its decline, the glow that still survives in smouldering ashes. His work has charm, but charm, while always insuring a certain measure of immediate popularity, counts for very little when time allows us to look through the magic glass of five-and-twenty years. I mean by charm the fascination of the moment of actual life. A work of art has, or may have, two separate existences. The first life consists of the five-and-twenty years which succeed its birth, and in that time we judge it with hardly more discrimination than that which we apply to the daily actions of our own lives. But, little by little, time disperses the fascinating veneer of this first state of existence, and then, and only then, do we see into the heart of book and picture, and judge it by the amount of abiding and essential truth which it contains.

So, looking now at the pictures which Messrs. Boussod and Valadon have gathered together, we easily recognise their hollowness, how sadly they are lacking in personal voice, and we are ashamed of the admiration that this painter inspired in us long ago, and a cruel suspicion is astir in us that those who come after us will think of him even more lightly than we do. This criticism is bitter indeed, and

perhaps there is a shade of injustice in it. However this may be, no other words would express my impression of this interesting collection: interesting of course to me, for I grew up with these pictures, and remember the day, more than fifteen years ago, when I crossed the boulevard to see "The Storm." With very different eyes do I look on it to-day. Once it was an emotion; now it is merely paint.

Above all I am struck by the fact that to-day the veriest amateur can see clearly that Diaz was a man who thought a great deal about others and very little about himself; and though in morals altruism is a virtue, in art it is the deadliest of the vices. The gallery is full of echoes, faint, wearying, and irritating echoes, and vainly do we listen for the sweet voice of self. In one picture, the voice of Salvator Rosa is heard in the light falling on pine branches and in the sense of the forest's solitude; and in the same picture the voice of Hobbema is heard in the rich browns in which the foreground is steeped; in a dozen small pictures Rousseau's voice is heard, but shrill and guttural, the falsetto of a ventriloquist; the voice of Giorgione is heard dictating the composition of those nymphs and advising the introduction of that beautiful blue mountain; and on the right of this rather puerile parody we have a virgin standing upon clouds. She is robed in blue and white, but it would be impossible to speak of such phantasmal mockery as being an echo of Murillo's weak, epicene, but often harmonious voice. And as Mr. Wegg dropped into poetry, so did Diaz drop sometimes into Moorish; and his furtive flirtations with Descamps are—well, quite as Moorish as if they had been painted by the Beduins themselves.

But I feel that my criticism is beginning to produce an erroneous impression. Diaz, although not a great painter, or even a considerable painter, was often very charming; the charm that his canvases exhale for us is always the meretricious charm of gaudy and plausible things, but now and again deepens into something which further time may prove to be valid and abiding. For instance, we can with difficulty imagine that a time will ever come when No. 1, a small picture, entitled "Roses," will fail to please even the most exacting. True it is that the soul of the painter on porcelain was wider awake in Diaz while he painted this picture than when he laboured after the complex intensity of Rousseau. It will be objected that he sought for a certain decorative effect rather than for the beautiful passionate life of the rose. It will be said that this picture is wanting in sincerity. But is this criticism quite just? His intention was not simply to paint roses, but to take roses for his theme for a decorative design. His intention may have been wise or unwise, but it is no part of the critic's duty to say that one intention is better or worse than another. The picture is lacking in personal voice; that Diaz had not; but let this deficiency be waived, and let us consider if this picture is not, within its scope, completely and strangely successful. The palette has been perfectly well composed, that is undeniable. See how heavily and lusciously the pinks and the purples of those large roses fill the foreground; every passage of colour has been well thought out, and he passes from one to the other in perfect and harmonious security. The faint yellow background, sienna and umber, is it not pure and admirable in quality? and how well the tendrils and stalks, that in nature were violent green, have been brought down with a view to balance, and how well they secure the effect of the large mass of pink and purple which makes the picture!

And though marred by incapacity—incapacity that strives to hide itself under mannerism—the large picture entitled "The Storm" cannot be said to be wholly wanting in merit. The painter at least knew exactly what he wanted to say, and the last lurid gleam which precedes the moment

when the heavens are opened lies well upon the ground. The ground is inundated with the light that the painter has observed in nature, and it is exactly right in colour and in value. But what shall we say of the sky? True that in places it holds itself well with the ground, but how deplorably weak is that brushful of umber which comes up through the grey and would do duty for the thunder-cloud! And then the cloud low down on the left—the cloud on which the light is shining—how false, how puerile, is the attempt: how it reveals all the inveterate deficiencies of the painter! The shepherd, with back bent under the stress of the wind, is well placed in the picture; the figure is well conceived and not wanting in dignity; but how pitiful and vain is all this pilfering or borrowing from Millet!

We like Diaz best when he is painting under the immediate inspiration of Rousseau. When he tried to be original he became inchoate and absurd, and when he sought inspiration in other masters he merely imitated their mannerisms; but Rousseau's influence on him was more beneficent; it brought out all that was best in him, conducting him even to the verge of a valid, if not of an original, talent. The picture entitled "A Road through a Forest" was clearly painted under the immediate influence of Rousseau, and though the quality of the painting is unpleasant, thick and woolly, the palette is well composed; the light yellow of the trees descends in fine gradations to brown shadows in the foreground; the road is ugly and stupid, but the saplings are well observed, and drawn with spirit; the sky is well placed in the picture, and the beautiful white cloud holds and balances the composition. Some will prefer the sunset that floats so slowly above the dark landscape. There is much charm in the sky; it is full of dying light; but as Diaz wandered from the formula invented by Rousseau, in like measure did he become vague when not vapid, undetermined when not characterless. Another picture in the manner of Rousseau is entitled "A Summer's Day." Here we have a deliberate attempt to emulate the master in his closest analysis of nature. The subject chosen is a view of a dried, burnt-up plain—a thin, sandy soil in the neighbourhood of a town. Hardly anything is there to draw, and success or failure depended on the rendering of impalpable form and evanescent colour. Has he succeeded where the master would have excelled? Only partly. But the blue horizon is very happy, and the sky in places is finely graduated; yet in places, in the space between the trees on the left, the sky hangs—that touch of pasty pink was put in afterwards in the studio. Besides, here, as elsewhere, there is experimentation in method. If a man's talent be really original, there comes a moment when he thinks no longer of how he shall paint; his manner has been assimilated; it has become part and parcel of his being; he is no longer conscious of it. That moment never came in Diaz's life.

G. M.

#### THE BOAT RACE.

TO-DAY Putney loses herself in the blue blaze of her annual triumph. The muddy, straggling, uncomfortable riverside offshoot of London simmers with excitement from an early hour of the morning. Her flagstaffs are gay with blue bunting, light and dark, her population pours forth into the streets and down towards the river. Armies of enthusiasts arrive by train, by bus, by cab, and on foot, and through the embankment by the boat-houses. Here a peripatetic Hercules in tights and trunk-hose supports his juvenile family arranged into a swaying pyramid of which his brawny back is the base; there an elderly athlete hurls potatoes into the air and lets them shatter themselves upon his high and shining forehead. Gipsies, shooting galleries, nigger minstrels imploring you to "ask a p'leeceman," or demanding,



with equal fervour, particulars as to where you "got that hat"; saturnine vendors of penny canes or blue favours; Italian ice-men (we shudder as we write it), who charge their dauntless customers a half-penny a lick or a penny a glass—all are there, thronging, jostling, rushing, chaffing, shouting, and surging round the stray policemen who control them, and all enjoying themselves in the reckless, exhaustingly boisterous fashion which is the peculiar characteristic of a boat-race crowd. And they are all partisans—eager, furious partisans—of Oxford or Cambridge. "Crikey!" said one coster to another, in the hearing of the present writer the other day; "you should 'a seen 'im. He arst me which was a-goin' to win, and I says 'Oxford, easy;' and with that 'e flared up and let out at me with both 'ands; but I stopped 'im on the jaw, proper; and 'e won't 'oller for Cambridge no more, I don't think."—"Ah!" replied his friend, not without envy, "that's the way to punish 'em!" And they went on their way in the full conviction that this prompt action had conclusively settled the result of the race. Similar feelings animate the whole of the crowd that lines the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. Their enthusiasm may have no foundation in reason, but it induces them to shout themselves hoarse with cries of encouragement hurled at their favourites as the boats flash past.

For the sixteen young men round whom all this admiration centres, the flash of the pistol that starts them on their race to-day will be a signal of release. During the last twelve weeks their minds have been fixed on one point, and all their efforts have been directed to the supreme object of becoming an integral part of a living machine for the production of pace in an eight-oared boat. Minds as well as muscles have been in a constant state of tension from the far-off day in January on which they were first bidden to step into the eight and were shoved off from the Goldie Boathouse or the University Barge, up to the moment when the starter rises in the bows of his launch at Putney Bridge and sets them free like greyhounds from the leash. Who shall record all the anxieties, the depressions and the exultations of those three months? For though an eight-oared crew ought to be a machine in power, in regularity, and in endurance, the members composing it remain very human to the end of the chapter. One day the record is beaten from lock to lock, or over the Lasher course, and joy is in the ascendant on the Cam or the Isis. On the following day the men are slack, the time of the oars is bad, the boat rolls, the pace is slow, the spirits of the crew sink to zero, the voice of the grumbler is heard, and the much-enduring President writes a melancholy entry in his diary and comes to the coach for comfort. All these things are, in their way, as capricious and unaccountable as blizzards or babies; but the coach, like the meteorologist or the nurse, must be ready both with explanation and advice. Indeed, the coach who would succeed must study the dispositions of his men as carefully as he watches their rowing. He must temper the wind of his exhortation to the shorn freshman, and let the blasts blow fiercely on the indolent third-year man. But, above all, let him be concise and clear; saying always and only that which the circumstances of the moment require, and never failing to tell his pupils when they are rowing well. Thus shall he induce his crew to believe in his every word as in that of an inspired being, gifted at all times with a superhuman insight into faults, their causes and their remedies, and shall gain over them the kind of influence exercised by a fighting general over troops, who, with him at their head, will go anywhere and do anything. It may be noted, in passing, that during their practice on the home waters the coaching of the Oxford crew this year was entrusted to a Cambridge man, a circumstance which has struck many critics as altogether unprecedented. It is not so, however. As far back as 1852 Mr. T. S. Egan,

of Caius College, Cambridge, coached the Oxford men stroked by the present Mr. Justice Chitty, and tradition still tells of the marvellous perfection of that crew. In 1869 and 1870 Cambridge secured the help of Mr. George Morrison, of Balliol, and in 1883 Mr. W. B. Woodgate, of Brasenose, looked after the light blues. Happily, too, the tradition of the Boat Clubs enjoins a spirit of generous courtesy to opponents. This was perhaps never more strikingly manifested than when, some ten years ago, the Cambridge Club subscribed £100 to the rebuilding fund of the Oxford Boathouse, which had lately perished in the flames.

The records of the race are piously kept. A capital summary of them has been written by Mr. Treherne and Mr. Goldie, and published by Messrs. Macmillan. But in the Boat Club books they will be found *in extenso*, set down from day to day, with such comments, hopeful or gloomy, as the rowing seemed to warrant, and culminating either in a wild pean of triumph, or in the resignation of a manly despair. The old blues, too, who during the past ten days have followed the practice of the crews from the rival coaching launches, and who to-day will crowd on to the umpire's steamer and renew old friendships, all have their special reminiscences. One will recall the great race of 1853 at Henley, when Cambridge, on the outside, lost by only eighteen inches; another will dwell fondly on the equally memorable race of 1856, when a desperate contest from Mortlake to Putney ended in the victory of Cambridge by half a length. Many will speak of Meredith Brown, who stroked Oxford in 1865, and never faltered when at Hammersmith C. B. Lawes, by dint of rowing forty-three, had secured a three-lengths lead for Cambridge. His reward came when he drew his crew level at Chiswick Church and finally won by four lengths, leaving to Cambridge a warning against improvident pace of stroke, by which she has not always profited. Some will fight over again the dead heat of 1877, and tell the tale of the broken oar. Nor will the extraordinary race of 1886 and the mighty spurt of Pitman be forgotten. Many a sigh, too, there will be, as learned barrister or portly clergyman remembers the keen delight of the race, the exhilaration with which he swung his once supple body down between his knees, dashed on to his beginning, swiftly shot his hands away from his straining chest, and helped to drive the "light ship" through the wind and the waves of Corney Reach. He forgets the hard fare and the many privations of training. The glory and the triumph alone remain. Nor is it a small thing that in this pampered generation we can still find year by year amongst our youths those who will deny themselves ease, will submit to rigorous discipline and severe labour, and without a murmur face snow, rain, and wind for the honour of their University.

#### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

##### XXXIII.—ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

THE rain had been falling at intervals throughout the day, and had brought with it, so it seemed, almost universal depression. The passing omnibus sent its shower of mud into the face of the wayfarer, and yet took no pride apparently in doing it. The cab-horses were all grown weary and mechanical; they came down Chancery Lane in two slides and a convulsion, but cared nothing for it. On the pavement there were sullen and bitter feelings in the hearts of the crowd, because those that had umbrellas were many and those that could manage them aright were very few. Did anyone feel happier for the gentle spring showers? I cannot say certainly, but I saw a hatter come to the door of his shop and look out; he went back again, rubbing his large hands softly together, and looking thankful.

To-night one naturally turned to the river. "Are you wet?" it seemed to be saying; "I, too,

am very wet and darkly miserable, finding my own length tedious, and tired of my tides." It has its moods. On winter nights it is very angry; the white gleam of the floating ice is like the white of fierce teeth; it snarls and growls against the arches; it shakes itself impatiently under the embankment lights; it wants to get away and do mischief in the darkness. Then there are happy mornings when the old blind man on the bridge, as he sits reading and mumbling, is conscious of a little sunlight; and then the river is brilliant and active, like a City man wearing a shining hat and hurrying to catch a train. And to-night it is mysterious and sad. It has a great many secrets, and it slides along in the darkness muttering to itself about them. It is full of horrible knowledge, which it does not always keep to itself. Sometimes, out of sheer wantonness, it gives up one of its ghastly secrets, to sicken us and frighten us. But to-night it only mutters to itself. It is like the old woman who passed me just now. She was an old hag with a tattered shawl, sandy-grey hair, and a wicked face. She skulked along in the darkness, swearing under her breath all the while.

The crowd at night is, or seems to be, more picturesque. There are times in the day when it would be hardly possible to throw a stone on Waterloo Bridge without hitting a small black bag, unless an omnibus got in the way. But now the clerk who comes into business every weekday by Waterloo has finished with work for the day, and has gone back to comfort and Clapham. Heavily laden vans covered with dripping tarpaulins are still moving slowly towards the station. Strange characters loiter on the bridge at night sometimes. Some do not seem perfectly easy under the critical gaze of the policeman. There is one type which seems very common, a middle-aged man with a black chin, a white face, and a suspecting eye. He wears a greenish-black frock-coat very much too large for him, with the collar turned up to hide deficiencies, and a low felt hat tilted a little forward and a little to one side. Sometimes he wears boots and sometimes slippers, but he always has them very much too large, so that he shuffles in his walk. To-night I notice that ironical fate has left him with carpet slippers. He is to be found anywhere between Whitechapel and West Kensington, but he is particularly fond of bridges. Sometimes his impulsive nature leads him to confide in you. He is going to call on the French Ambassador; he has, in fact, an appointment with him, and he has no doubt that the French Ambassador will do justice to his case. He will not trouble you with the details of his case. He rather gives you the impression that the French Ambassador would not like him to be so indiscreet. No, his point is this: his interview is not until the morning, and in the meantime what is he to do? He has no money, and he cannot beg. He would sooner starve than beg. He would be thankful for a loan of sixpence, not more—he would not take more, because he might not be able to repay it. He asks you for it rather than anyone else, because he could see at once that you were a gentleman. He adds, rather incoherently, that it may be the turning-point in his career. It is generally at night that he tells this story—or any other story.

Suddenly a lump of mud, large and of irregular shape, darts out from the traffic in the roadway and walks once round me, sniffing. There is a dog inside it, a dog that has temporarily mislaid its master. He turns from me in bitter disappointment, and in his flurry and excitement begins to investigate the most unlikely people. He is perfectly sure that he had a master somewhere about here, but for the life of him he can't remember where he put the man. At last a shrill whistle sounds fifty yards away, and the lump of mud hurries off with a little impatient bark, which means: "Why on earth couldn't the man have said that before, instead of giving me all this anxiety!"

It is rather interesting to watch the crowd, and to conjecture which member of it would be the most likely to commit suicide by jumping from the bridge. The river does not look particularly inviting; and even if it were cleaner and warmer, I believe there would always be, and that there always is, a time during the fall from the bridge to the water when the action seems to be a mistake—a mistake beyond the possibility of correction. Would it be the duty of anyone on the bridge to jump in after the unfortunate? As one looks down at the water, one sees so very many reasons why such an attempt at a rescue would be foolhardy and useless. Personally, I should not like to deprive some worthier man of the chance of displaying his heroism. I should stand back politely.

As I look, the lights of a train pass slowly across Charing Cross bridge, and one sees the steam from the engine. Steam and smoke often seem to be living creatures. Yonder, from one hard-working chimney, the smoke comes out in the form of an angry snake, seeming to be fighting its way through the wind and rain. Then, by some change in the strength or direction of the wind, it alters its shape, and looks like a woman's hair. Then, again, it scatters into pieces, and seems to be a flight of little ghostly-grey birds, hurrying away into the darkness.

#### THE DRAMA.

IN starting his courageous venture, the Independent Theatre of London, with a performance of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Mr. J. T. Grein has rendered a signal service to the stage. He has shown us, for one thing, that the drama is still capable of being a great power, instead of a mere pastime. Thanks to him, we now know that when we want high tragedy we need not go back to the Greeks or the Elizabethans to get it, that there is one living dramatist who can give it us as well as they—better than they, for they found it in outworn myth or swaggering romance, whereas he finds it in the very heart and brain of our own daily life. Moreover, he has exposed for us the hollow incompetence of current dramatic criticism, its lack of insight, its shallow conventionalism, its dense impenetrability to ideas. The breakdown of the London press over *Ghosts* will come as a surprise only to those who are not familiar with the class of men by whom the old school of editors (purland persons to whom politics are long primer and art mere minion or even nonpareil) are content to be represented in the play-house. These gentry have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse over *Ghosts*, shrieking aloud in the name of the "great public." With them, it seems, the business of criticism is not to criticise, not to try and see the thing as it really is, but to be the mouthpiece of the uncritical, of the "great public." "By the great public this play of Ibsen's would not be tolerated for a single moment." Precisely; and that is the excuse for the institution of the Independent Theatre—a theatre where the small public, the *habiles* of La Bruyère, may find intellectual refreshment, undisturbed by the presence of the *simples*, the great public. The great public is a great nuisance. It is because of its dependence on the great public that the drama remains the lowest, the most jejune, the most trivial of the arts. And it is because *Ghosts* hits this great public full in the face, straight between the eyes, that the great public's self-elected representatives have raised their outcry. The very same thing happened with Molière's *Tartuffe*.

Huit jours après qu'elle eut été défendue [says the author's preface] on representa devant la cour une piece intitulée : *Scaramouche hermite*, et le roy, en sortant, dit au grand prince que je veux dire : "Je voudrais bien sçavoir pourquoi les gens qui se scandalisent si fort de la comédie de Moliere ne disent mot de celle de *Scaramouche*." A quoy le prince répondit : "La raison de cela, c'est que la comédie de *Scaramouche* jouë le Ciel et la religion, dont ces messieurs-là ne se soucient point; mais celle de Moliere les jouë eux-mêmes: c'est ce qu'ils ne peuvent souffrir."



To-day also we have our *Scaramouche hermite* in the West End; there impurity is sniggered at, and the consumption of "tarts" (this odious vulgarism is the playwright's; not mine) encouraged, with the Lord Chamberlain's licence and to the delight of the great public; but when our *Tartuffe* comes on the scene, the Lord Chamberlain's licence is withheld, and the great public is shocked at being shown how the father's taste for "tarts" sets the children's teeth on edge. Shocked—because Ibsen *les jouë eux-mêmes*. So the cry is raised that *Ghosts* is nothing but "incest" and "loathsome disease."

The man who can see only these things in Ibsen's masterpiece reminds one of the traveller, returned from Switzerland, who overlooked the mountains but had a good deal to say about the fleas in the roadside inns. Such a man would find in the *Edipus Tyrannus* or *Phèdre* or the *Cenci*, or the *Braut von Messina* only a story of "incest," and in the *Philoctetes* only a story of "loathsome disease." But other men have agreed to find in each of these plays a great spiritual tragedy; and that is what they find in *Ghosts*. For them, this play is the tragedy of a soul in revolt. It is a violent protest of the *joie de vivre* against puritanic gloom, of the fundamental instincts of nature against hard-and-fast law, of the individual against the hide-bound conventions of society—just as *Les Idées de Mme. Aubray* or *Denise* is a protest in favour of natural affection against the social condemnation of fallen women, or as the *Eumenides* was a protest in favour of the law of condonation against the older, more savage, Greek law of blood-penalty. Mrs. Alving, a pure and high-minded woman, has been sold in marriage to a worthless man, a drunkard and a debauchee. Her first impulse was to fly from him, but society (in the person of her priest) threw her back into his arms. Thenceforward her married life has been an organised hypocrisy. All her efforts have been directed to concealing her husband's true character from the world. Her child she sends away that he may know nothing of his father's degradation, and then she shuts herself up with her husband while he drinks himself to death. Even after that happy release she does her best to perpetuate the lie, by founding an orphanage as a monument to the man's memory.

Meanwhile, her son has grown up to manhood in Paris, and it is his return home which brings about the crisis of the play, by exploding the monstrous lie which, under the inexorable pressure of society, his mother has invented and all these years kept alive. For she finds that her return to her husband has doomed her son to be *vermoulu*—worm-eaten—from his birth. Madness is slowly coming upon him. He is in other respects the true son of his father, for he casts amorous eyes on his mother's maid, who (another legacy from the miserable past—another "ghost") is his own half-sister. Then the truth has to be told, and told it is, in a scene between Mrs. Alving and her priest, Pastor Manders, which, to my mind—whatever the great public may think of it—is one of the most poignant pieces of tragic irony in the whole range of drama. But it is told too late. The doom, the *Até*, must be fulfilled. In vain the wretched woman tries to gratify her son with indulgence in that *joie de vivre* which she herself has spurned. He shall have the baser forms of it, if he will. Does he want drink? "Another bottle of champagne, Regina—a large bottle." Does he want the companionship of Regina? Even that can, perhaps, be arranged. Too late! The boy goes mad, after asking his mother to put an end to his sufferings with morphia; and the curtain descends as she hangs over him in agonised hesitation, with the phial in her hand. Society has had its way; the great law of hush-it-up has been vindicated; the sanctity of the marriage-tie has been preserved inviolate. And this is the play which the Captain Alvings and the Pastor Manderses of the great public can now be heard declaring, in every club smoking-room, and at every five o'clock tea-table, to be nothing but

"incest" and "loathsome disease." That these people should protest against the abominable playwright who *les jouë eux-mêmes* is natural enough. Let the galled jade wince. But why do the daily critics join in the protest? Surely their withers are unwrung?

"Whenever I take up a newspaper," says Mrs. Alving, "I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines." The Duke of Donoway, who in the person of Mr. Arthur Cecil is the protagonist of Mr. Ralph Lumley's new farce, *The Volcano*, at the Court, sees something even more terrible than ghosts in his newspaper; he sees a libel upon himself. As the Duke happens to be the proprietor of the newspaper in question (the libel is the result of a printer's error) and is already at his wits' end to conceal the fact of his proprietorship from his Duchess, you can imagine his embarrassment. The libel was about an elopement, and the Duke, in his confusion, helps to confirm the hints it threw out by hurrying off secretly in a four-wheeler with a lady-journalist who has offered her services in the concoction of an apology. It is an amusing imbroglio—on paper, but Mr. Lumley at present lacks the constructive skill which is needed in order that such an imbroglio may be made thoroughly amusing on the stage. His first act, wherein we have the Duke interviewed against his will by the irrepressible lady-journalist (Mrs. John Wood), is capital fun; the fun of his two subsequent acts, eked out as it is by the purposeless flirtation of his twin daughters and by the usual four-door hide-and-seek expedients of French farce, is not so capital. But *The Volcano*, if not a good farce as it stands, has in it the makings of many good farces. Its picture of a newspaper office in Act III. will divert others than journalists, and the episode in Act II., in which Mr. Weedon Grossmith tries to sing "The Wolf" at the piano while the other guests in the duke's drawing-room all fall to talking till they drown his voice, is a Du Maurier sketch in flesh and blood. Artistically considered, *The Volcano* is a distinct advance on *Aunt Jack*, though it will probably not be so successful by box-office computation, and it gives good reason for the hope that Mr. Lumley may one of these days develop into a real master of the difficult art of farce. A. B. W.

## THE WEEK.

ONE of the most pleasing incidents in the chequered career of PRINCE NAPOLEON is his friendship for GEORGE SAND. Twenty-eight letters in her published correspondence, between 1852 and 1874, are addressed to the Prince, and are entirely conclusive as to the writer's esteem and affection; although, as she says, "*Le monde est si sale et si plat, qu'on ne peut pas supposer qu'on aime un prince pour lui-même.*" The most remarkable are those written on and after the catastrophe of the Empire, in which, with much delicacy but equal decision, GEORGE SAND gently dissuades her friend from setting up as an Imperial pretender. Another remarkable letter, written in 1857, exhorts the Prince to seek a refuge in scientific study from the mortifications of political life, and another discusses RENAN'S "Life of Jesus."

MR. GOSSE, in the memoir prefixed to his edition of BEDDOES, speaks of BEDDOES'S political verses in the German language as hitherto untraceable. Such is indeed the case with the majority; but a passage from one of them is preserved by FEDDERSEN ("*Geschichte der Schweizerischen Regeneration*," pp. 288, 289). The lines were written on the occasion of the popular revolt which drove BEDDOES from Zürich in 1839, and represent the mob as a blind SAMSON destroying the temple of liberty and science into which it has forced its way. The idea is obscurely expressed, but the

diction is by no means wanting in the characteristic energy of BEDDOES'S English compositions.

MANY will learn with dismay that "it will surely not be long before there is a Meredith Society." We trust GEORGE MEREDITH will be spared this infliction in his lifetime at least. The tide has now swung him fairly round into a degree of popularity his more intelligent admirers never anticipated for him; and no society is needed to step in and claim the credit of his growing reputation, as was done in the case of BROWNING. If a Meredith Society must be formed, we beg to submit the following rules:—That the members admire GEORGE MEREDITH in silence; that members shall write as much as they like about GEORGE MEREDITH, and burn their writings without showing them to anyone; that no publicity shall be given in any shape to the existence of the Society; that the Society shall endeavour not to exist as soon as it can.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE, whose death was recorded last week, and whose first volume of poems, "*Les Cariatides*," was published nearly half a century ago, was "acted" once, at least, in England. LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, of the Society of Pastoral Players, produced the fanciful and witty *Le Baiser* at Wimbledon some two years ago. The sweet little piece (there are only two parts in it) was played on a summer's day, in the open air, before the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and the crowd of fashionables who patronised the Pastoral Players. It was given in French (there was much rustling of the leaves of the few "books of the play" that were handed about), and a lady of the Comédie Française had come over from Paris to direct the rehearsals. The day was lovely; LADY ARCHIBALD was "made up" to perfection as the traditional Pierrot; Pierrot's real live donkey came on and went off "without a hitch"; and some of those who were able to follow the plot thought it was just as well that MRS. GRUNDY did not understand French.

SEVEN papers, contributed to periodicals since 1882, are incorporated in the new library edition, in three volumes, of MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S "Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative" (WILLIAMS & NORGATE). These are: "Morals and Moral Sentiments," "The Factors of Organic Evolution," "Professor Green's Explanations," "The Ethics of Kant," "Absolute Political Ethics," "From Freedom to Bondage," and "The Americans." As well as these large additions, there are small ones in the shape of postscripts, and changes have been made in many of the essays.

THE twenty-seventh volume of MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co.'s "Social Science Series" is entitled the "Principles of State Interference," and consists of four essays on the political philosophy of HERBERT SPENCER, J. S. MILL, and T. H. GREEN, by DAVID G. RITCHIE. Two new books on kindred topics are "Principles of Social Economics" (PUTNAM), by GEORGE GUNTON, and "Social Evolution" (EDEN, REMINGTON), by PHILIP DEBERT, edited by FREDERICK WINGFIELD.

PROFESSOR E. A. FREEMAN'S thoughts were first drawn to Sicily, nearly fifty years ago, by a lecture on PINDAR by the late ISAAC WILLIAMS, which gave him a dim notion of one side of the story of the great Mediterranean island. The other side was suggested by GALBY KNIGHT'S "Normans in Sicily;" and both were co-related by a sentence of GROTE'S, in which that much-maligned historian laid his finger on the central point of Sicilian history. The "series of contests between the Phœnicians and Greeks of Sicily . . . were destined to

determine whether the island should be a part of Africa or a part of Europe, and . . . were only terminated after the lapse of three centuries, by the absorption of both into the vast bosom of Rome." With this from GROTE for text, PROFESSOR FREEMAN has written much in periodical literature and elsewhere on Sicily, and now he presents us with the first two volumes of a "History of Sicily" (CLARENDON PRESS) from the earliest times.

THOSE slanderers of GIORDANO BRUNO who have asserted that his conduct towards the end of his life was pusillanimous should be effectually silenced by a recent publication in Italy. The third volume of a series of works by BRUNO, that have existed hitherto only in manuscript, has just been issued by order of the Italian Government. It contains, among other illustrative matter, a facsimile of the report of the Company of St. John the Beheaded, who superintended BRUNO'S execution. This report gives the details of BRUNO'S last hours, proving clearly that he died as nobly and firmly as he had lived.

THE treatise "Tractatus de Unitate et Trinitate Divina," for which ABÉLARD, another sufferer for "divine philosophy," was condemned as a heretic in 1121, and which was recently discovered and proved authentic by PROFESSOR STÖLZLE, has been published by HERDER at Freiburg-im-Breisgau.

"So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice, I think I must take up with avarice," sang BYRON, at thirty-one, in self-mockery. He complained that his days of love were over, and the copious use of claret forbidden. M. ZOLA'S questionable fiction has followed a somewhat similar course. "*L'Assommoir*" may stand for the claret, and more than one novel for the other passion in its debased form. In "*L'Argent*," his latest work, we have the "good old-gentlemanly vice." The Place de la Bourse and its environment is the scene, and the central event is the history of the Union Générale, the collapse of which was the financial sensation of the season in Paris some years ago.

PHILOLOGISTS, folk-lorists, and all who find any attraction in old-world manners, customs, and modes of thought, should see a prospectus issued by MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE. They propose to publish a collection of legends and tales in Irish, edited from MSS., and translated by MR. STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY. As indicating its miscellaneous character, and as a title easily abbreviated for reference, it is intended to call the work "*Silva Gadelica*." The Book of Leinster, the Book of Ballymote, and the Book of Lismore, are the principal repositories of Irish writings from which material is to be taken. The editor intends to keep down annotation and reference as much as possible by adopting a process of selection in which tales, etc., will be made to illustrate one another. The first collection, comprising the lives of several saints and some Ossianic and Cuchullin legends, is ready for the printer, and only awaits subscribers.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE is busy writing a novel, which is to be called "From Shadow to Sunlight." The *motif* is somewhat similar to that of MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S "Daughter of Heth," in which the novelist places a girl, whose education has been foreign, in Ayrshire. An American girl is the heroine of LORD LORNE'S story, and the scene is laid in the West Highlands of Scotland.

THE new volume of stories by LADY DILKE, which MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS are about to publish, under the title of "The Shrine of Love,"



consists chiefly of the author's contributions to the late lamented *Universal Review*. The stories are of a less sombre nature than LADY DILKE'S previous volume, "The Shrine of Death."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S one-volume edition of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Light that Failed" contains a dedication in verse, and a phenomenally brief preface announcing that "this is the story of 'The Light that Failed' as it was originally conceived by the writer." The exigency of a young ladies' magazine, for such *Lippincott's* most certainly is, may probably be responsible for the mangled condition and commonplace ending of the story as it originally appeared. The new version is almost a third longer, and the ending, though still conventional, is tragic, and therefore much more in keeping with the characters of the hero and heroine. The destruction of Dick Helder's picture, "Melancholia," which seemed so wanton and unnecessary in *Lippincott's*, has now its due consequences, to wit, the further deterioration of the morality of Dick and Maisie.

IN "An American Girl in London" (CHATTO & WINDUS), MISS SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, the clever author of a social departure, enables us "to see oorsel's as ithers see us," and MR. F. H. TOWSEND'S bright sketches aid in the disillusion.

THE only volume of verse we have this week is "Winona, a Dakota Legend, and other Poems" (PUTNAM), by CAPTAIN E. L. HUGGINS, an American cavalry officer. It is printed at the "Knickerbocker Press," on corded paper, and is nicely bound. If this—

"Far away under Hesper,  
In seas never crossed,  
Like a faint-uttered whisper,  
Forgotten and lost;  
Where no sail ever flies  
O'er the face of the deep,  
A lost island lies  
Forgotten, asleep"—

is an average specimen of CAPTAIN HUGGINS'S verse, the reviewer will have the pleasant duty of praising it—moderately, it is true; but it is a great satisfaction to be able to say a good word in connection with a kind of writing which demands so much "slating."

ANOTHER illustrated magazine! The *Ludgate Monthly* is to be a threepenny rival of the *Strand Magazine*. There seems to be a boom in periodicals; but why can't we have something quite new—say, an *Hourly Illustrated Newspaper*? There's an idea for enterprise, ingenuity, and capital! To provide a new issue every hour from nine in the morning till twelve midnight, each issue containing fresh matter, would require an amount of readiness in writing, printing, and distributing, undreamt of even in modern journalism. It looks fantastic and preposterous; but after all we have already something approaching it in the manifold editions of our evening papers.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are about to try a very interesting experiment in the relations of publishers and the general public. They have announced that the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which is now published at sixpence, will be charged to the trade henceforth at the net price of fivepence a copy. This means that it must in future be sold for sixpence, the customary discount allowed by certain booksellers being henceforth abolished. The result of this experiment will be watched with not a little interest. If it should be successful, it will mean the abolition of a most absurd and mischievous plan of excessive discounts, or rather, of false prices. There is no more reason why a book should not be sold at the price marked upon it than

there is why a pound of butter or a yard of calico should be treated in that manner. Prices which are not real, invariably open the way to extortion and to loss to the general public, and MESSRS. MACMILLAN are to be congratulated upon their determination to revert to an older and sounder method of doing business.

THE full text of the American Copyright Bill, which has been received in this country during the week, is not very satisfactory reading. The worst features of the Bill were, of course, known beforehand—notably the provision which requires the actual production in America of any book that is to have copyright. It would appear, however, that the Bill does not give copyright to any work of which a single volume has been published before the passing of the Act. The *Times* suggests that this must be a misprint in the print of the Bill, and we may hope that it is. But there is some reason to fear that it has been introduced for the purpose of protecting the pirate publishers of such works as the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in order to enable them to continue their disgraceful robbery to the end. This is a conclusion not very flattering to the American Government and people; but they have only themselves to thank for the fact that anyone should entertain this suspicion.

WHO is the happiest man in the world at this moment? His name is CHUNG TEONG TOY, or, more briefly, AH TOY, upon whose case the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council has been deliberating for four months. It is not to the importance of the case that we would here invite attention, but to the serene dignity of AH TOY himself. He, good man, was a Chinese labourer, who, with two hundred and sixty-seven of his race, arrived at the port of Melbourne in April, 1888. The Collector of Customs denied AH TOY the right of landing, and AH TOY brought an action against the Collector. The case moved up from court to court, and at length, after all the judges of the Supreme Court of Victoria had bent their intellects upon AH TOY, he was rewarded with £150 damages, i.e., with that which to a Chinese labourer is a boundless fortune. The Victorian Government then take the case to England, and here before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, men like SIR HORACE DAVEY and SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE muster their gigantic learning. "Indeed," says the *Times*, "the argument of SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE, if it has been adequately preserved, will form a storehouse of constitutional lore for future students. Both sides went back to the expulsion of the Jews by EDWARD III., in 1290." In the end the decision goes against AH TOY. But where is he? Long ago he has taken his £150 and returned to his own land, to live a blameless life of affluence by some far-sequestered river where the people worship him as a king, and the vain stir of Western justice vexes him not.

#### A MAN SHOULD MARRY.

SOMETIMES I laugh covertly at my old friend Sandilands, who, being a married man himself, pities me because I am a bachelor. All married men, so far as I see, pity their bachelor friends, which, after all, is only a form of self-approval. Yet, though Sandilands often bores me with his wife's views on subjects she knows nothing about, and by repeating the inane remarks of his children, there are times when, I admit, I envy him. Yesterday was such a time. I was at his house in the afternoon, and we had a sort of musical party. The entertainment was provided by the family. Mrs. Sandilands played the piano; she does not play very well. The boy, who is always laughing, sang and broke down. Milly sat at her father's feet and twanged on a

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

banjo. Jennie was on his knee; she has brown curls that get in the way of her eyes. Sandilands himself, who is a sensible man during business hours, joked in the feeblest way. It was all quite inartistic, but I wished I had been part of it instead of half of the audience. The other half was young Mr. Luke, one of Sandilands's clerks, and he and I walked home together rather gloomy. Just before we separated I discovered that we had the same thought in our heads. "Mr. Anon," he said to me nervously, "when a man wants to propose to a girl, how—ah—how does he go about it?" At first I felt inclined to shake him for asking me, of all people, such a question. But I saw he was in earnest. "I don't know, Mr. Luke," I answered dolefully; "I have forgotten."

I went into my lonely rooms, and thought it all over by the fireside. Why had I not married? Probably no woman would have had me, but why had I not tried harder? In my most sentimental moods (and no one can be so sentimental as an old bachelor) I convince myself that I lost all taste for matrimony in the year '60, when I had that little affair with Miss Penrose. I was then twenty, and she lit the sacred flame within me. How curious to remember it was I who bought those gloves for her, and glared at the shopkeeper because I felt that I was blushing and that he noticed it! Did I really write a sonnet (a b b a a b b a, c d e c d e) about her, and slip it into her hand in the vestibule of the church? Did I—? But the main thing is that she subsequently married the banker. When carried off my feet by a wave of sentiment, I feel that I loved Miss Penrose too well ever to love another. Still, there is no denying that I could have called on her last summer in Wales, and refrained from doing so merely because the day was warm and her house at the top of an incline. It may be quite common for men to remain bachelors because of an unhappy early attachment, but was that what has kept me a single man? I doubt it, and in such cases, I suppose, a man should have no doubt. On the other hand, had I never loved Miss Penrose I should probably have loved some other lady, and she might have been kinder. I have, therefore, still some right to think sentimentally of Miss Penrose.

A man should marry, but ladies do not know why. Sandilands's wife, for instance, would have me marry merely because she is certain I am not properly looked after. She knows so little of landladies as to think them all harpies, and is persuaded that I must be miserable because there is no "ladies' work" in my rooms. I am really very comfortable. My landlady is the most careful and attentive of women (*mem.*: why not marry her?), and I like my curtains to smell of tobacco. I can get on quite well without hand-painted photograph frames and hand-sewn slippers. No, it is not Sandilands's comforts I envy; I feel that he ought to envy mine. But it would be pleasant, I think (I am not sure), to know that it would make a difference to someone if I came home to dinner instead of dining at the club. I notice that before he leaves his house, and immediately on his returning to it, Sandilands kisses his wife. This is mere folly, but still—What I envy is Sandilands's feeling that his wife wants to be kissed. It must be pleasant to give away these things as presents. Then Sandilands's wife is proud of him, and nobody is proud of me. My only chance of ever getting anyone to be proud of me is to marry. I know very well that there is nothing in either Sandilands or myself that it is easy to be proud of. We are both rather dull dogs. But women have an enormous capacity for worshipping their husbands, and Mrs. Sandilands thinks hers a very fine one. When I get a proof of this article to correct, no one will tell me it is beautiful; but when a proof comes to Sandilands (who writes about the fall in Consols, to a provincial paper), his wife pounces on it, and devours it with proud eyes. Sandilands pretends to smile at her enthusiasm, but it delights him. He has something to live for so long as she considers him a remarkable man.

Then there are the children. A hundred times have I sneered at Sandilands for his interest in these young creatures, and said (to other bachelors) that their chatter drives me from his house, and wondered how he could be such a fool as to believe what the governess says about little Jennie's genius for water-colour painting. But how Sandilands looks forward to Saturday, when he shuts up his office at one o'clock, and rushes home to have an early dinner with his family at two! They are always watching for him from the windows, and run down-stairs to meet him in the hall and help him to take off his coat, and then conduct him in triumph to their mother. He plays an absurdly juvenile game called Tiddledy Winks with them, and talks about Eton or Harrow for Jack, and Girtton or a husband for Milly. As for myself, my subjects of interest are limited. I may come home and work in the evening, and nobody cares whether I do so or not. I may dine at the club with Kingston, who has invited me and wants a line saying whether I am coming, as, if not, he is to ask Littleton. He does not really care whether it is I or Littleton. If during the dinner it was announced that I had died suddenly of heart disease, the company would say, "Poor Anon, he was not a bad fellow; this is an excellent soup."

So far as I can see, nearly all marriages are successful. Probably not two men in three, and not two women in a dozen, marry their first love; and comparatively few marry the person who was "made for them." But there is so much good in the average human being, that you cannot know him well without loving him (unless you are under the average yourself), and most of us have a glorious capacity for making the best of things, and for having an absorbing interest in whatever is our own. Were I to marry my landlady, I should doubtless soon love her (and so be happy), because she is mine. I have a good mind to ring her up, and ask her to take me.

#### ITALY'S FOREIGN POLICY.

ROME, March 14th, 1891.

COUNT FERRARI, a Radical member of the House, gave occasion to the Marquis of Rudini, on the 4th inst., to explain anew his political position. I could have written previously to you what he said, had I not wished to transcribe for you his very words; but only yesterday was the report of the sitting published. One of our customs is, that the reports of the sittings come out a week or two afterwards!

These then are the words of the Marquis: "I did not come here to loosen the bonds of the Triple Alliance, and much less to dissolve it. I came to this place with the intention of maintaining the Triple Alliance; because, as it had procured for Europe a long era of peace, so it still promises that the peace shall be for a long time maintained. The preservation of the *status quo* may displease those who aspire after great and bloody events, but it must please, on the contrary, those who feel the necessity of a lasting peace. Some people have thought that the Triple Alliance would get us into inevitable scrapes with other nations. I think, on the contrary, that it is a duty of fairness for us towards these very allies of ours to remove every provocation, every threat, every attack, which could cause disturbance in Europe. I said it on another occasion, and I repeat it to-day: it is painful for me that doubts, distrust, and suspicions have been raised regarding our relations with France. I think that, on the contrary, they should be maintained friendly, and so I intend that they shall be."

These declarations were received with approbation by the House; and, as you know, they have not disappointed anyone in Germany, and in France they have not given any displeasure. We shall keep the Triple Alliance, and we shall be friends with the



French people. But in reality the speech exposes the contradictions inherent in our situation much more than it solves them. And if its effect has been good, the good will not, I think, be lasting. You know that in France and by the French and Radical party in Italy it is much desired and urged that the secret treaty between Germany and Italy should be published. It has been renewed already three times, but I think not in the same terms. They say that the treaty between Germany and Austria has been published; and there is no reason to refuse to publish ours if there is nothing in it against France, as in the other it was seen that there was nothing against Russia. But the Marquis of Rudini has firmly declared that he will not publish the treaty. He supports the Government's right not to publish it on the article of our Constitution wherein it is written that the king makes the treaties of peace, alliance, commerce, and others, notifying them to the Parliament as soon as *the interest and the security of the State will allow it*. It is very curious that the words which I have italicised are not to be found in the Constitutions of France either of 1814 or of 1830; but they have crept into the Italian one from that of Belgium of 1830, which was drawn up by a popular representative assembly. At any rate, it appears to me to be a strained interpretation that, on the strength of these words, a treaty of such importance should be kept secret for nine years. I don't believe that in England this could be done. Be that as it may, the French and their Italian friends, and the friends of a more sincere parliamentary government, will be kept in the dark. The Marquis is the fourth or fifth Italian politician who has read the all-pervading treaty; and that is enough.

Other deputies had, in the same sitting, called the attention of the Marquis to some moot points of our situation in Africa. He answered, as a man quite sure, that the French are not scheming about Tripoli, and that the Russian Embassy to Abyssinia, organised by the Geographical Society of Petersburg, is a merely scientific one. Perhaps it is so; but I would not answer for it. Regarding our general policy on the coast of the Red Sea, he has said only one word, but a very pregnant word; our policy will be a policy of *raccoglimento*—a meditative one: that is, we shall go no farther. It is true that in a colonial empire one is not always free not to go farther; but it is already well to avow the intention not to do so. So we shall not trouble Lord Salisbury about Kassala. With Menelik we are on good terms; and the question of the frontier in Tigré between Italy and Abyssinia is settled.

But Africa has reserved for us great shame and grief. A year or more ago it became known that at Massowah there was something rotten. A civil secretary of the Italian Government and a lieutenant of Carbineers were suspected of having, hand in hand with native policemen and spies, falsely indicted and caused to be sentenced to death, or directly killed, some rich men, in order to rob them, or to conceal that they had done so. The civil secretary was apprehended, the lieutenant took flight. The proceedings stopped; but during these last few days the African correspondent of a widely circulated newspaper has more explicitly, and with more assurance, repeated the accusations against the two already implicated, and has multiplied and enlarged them against many more. For, nearly at the same time, the lieutenant, a certain Livraghi, has been arrested in Switzerland, at Lugano, where he had just returned from Greece and believed himself quite safe. This Livraghi had written before now, and wrote when the letter of the correspondent appeared, to other newspapers and to some political men of the Radical party, acknowledging the crime imputed to him, but adding that many more similar crimes have been committed—about eight hundred in all—and not for the purpose of robbery, but in order to get rid of native leaders or followers thought to be dangerous.

That was a terrible impeachment against the generals themselves, who have been the commanders at Massowah; and neither the House, nor the Government, nor the country have been able to maintain their composure in presence of all these true or false disclosures. It is easy to understand that the crimes imputed to Livraghi and his companion may be true, but the crimes of which the generals are accused cannot possibly be true. At any rate, the first thing to do was to proceed quietly with the judicial inquiry, and to arrive at a judicial decision. But that has not been believed sufficiently. Many Radical deputies have asked for or proposed a Parliamentary inquiry. The Ministry, which did not wish to have it—and, I think, rightly—has taken precedence of them, and in a hurry has itself named a Commission of seven members—of whom, however, five are deputies—with a very large mandate of inquiring into nearly all that has been done in Massowah from the beginning. The Prime Minister, while announcing the nomination of this Commission to the House, declared that its work will not interfere with the judicial one; but I fear it will, and the light which is desired by all, concerned and unconcerned, will come later than it would have come in the other and simpler way.

BONGHI.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### FROM BOARD SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY.

DEAR SIR,—Your remark in the last number of THE SPEAKER shows that you take a wider view of free education than is generally held, and you may be inclined to put before your readers a view of assisted education founded on practical experience.

For the last ten years we have had in Bristol a system of scholarships for boys, who can win their way, at the age of ten to twelve, from the elementary schools—voluntary or Board—to the City School, an endowed school of the second grade, and thence, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, by further scholarships, to the first grade Endowed Grammar School. During this time, twelve boys have passed with scholarships from the City School to the Grammar School; of these, seven have gained open Mathematical Scholarships at Oxford or Cambridge, and have had, further, a leaving exhibition of £50 a year from the school in addition to the £80 or £100 of their scholarship. Some of these boys have worked their way, and others are at this moment following in their steps, from the elementary schools to the Universities, and have cost their parents little or nothing for education and books since the age of ten. No doubt other cities, who have in this way linked on their schools to each other, could point to the same results. Now does not this suggest a system by which all boys, who have at the several critical stages of their education proved their possession of talent or perseverance, or both, might be encouraged to continue the development of their powers to the highest point within their capacity to reach?

The most valuable possession of a nation is the brain-power of its children. It is to the interest of the whole community that this power, wheresoever it has been bestowed, should be fostered and directed aright, and that its development should not be utterly dependent on the poverty or cupidity or stupidity of parents who cannot appreciate it, or who sacrifice it to the temporary help which the wages of their children may give them. If a child is taught until it reaches the fifth or sixth standard, and then is forced to leave school and begin to earn wages in the workshop or manufactory at twelve or thirteen, in nine cases out of ten the greater part of the teaching it has had is forgotten, and the money spent on it is wasted. If a boy passes the fifth standard at ten or eleven (not an uncommon event), he will show to an experienced teacher whether he is fit for further teaching in technical subjects to prepare him for the workshop or office of the engineer, builder, architect, or surveyor; or whether his capacity and gifts give promise of success in the more theoretical work of a classical or mathematical school. In either case the parent should be encouraged to send him to the higher school by the offer of a free scholarship which shall free him from any charge for tuition and books, and shall do something towards clothing him, so that he may take his place by the side of other boys without any outward badge of extreme poverty.

If, again, at fourteen or fifteen, he again comes to the front and gives promise of distinction in the University College or Grammar School, he should again have the way opened out to him of proceeding onwards, in spite of the protective barrier which the increase of fees at the Grammar Schools has raised against the poor boy, for whom they were primarily founded.

The boys who so win their way to the Grammar School or University College will have passed through two sieves of competition, and will be the very choicest of the intellect that can be found in the lower schools. They will almost certainly, given fair health and good teaching, gain open scholarships at the Universities, and will make the old Universities over again, what they were intended to be, the Schools of Learning of the whole nation, and not only of the richer portion of it. And here we are confronted with further questions—"How are scholarships to be found for them all?" and "How are these boys to live at the University on their scholarship alone?" The Colleges would soon find their endowments insufficient if scholarships were given, as now, to the intellectually worthiest, regardless of his means. If rich men will continue to allow their sons to live on the endowments of the poor, I see nothing for it but to re-endow the poor out of the wealth of the nation, and pay for more scholarships out of the Consolidated Fund. In time the number of scholars would be enough to fill the living rooms of the Colleges, and then every scholar should live within his College walls; and his tuition, board, and rooms should not cost more than the value of his scholarship. This would make the Colleges, again, homes of learning, instead of being luxurious clubs of the wealthy.

This is the only scheme of free education that I can allow to be worth fighting for. Everybody knows that free elementary education is sure to come; but this will be of little use unless the talented boys are moved on out of the way of the un-gifted, that all according to their abilities and endowments, moral and intellectual, may find their own place.—Yours obediently,

T. W. OPENSHAW.

#### CYCLISTS AND ROAD-RACING.

SIR.—I may say, in reference to the letter of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in *THE SPEAKER* of Saturday last, that my "championing" of road-racing restricted itself to the statement that "it is not the unmitigated nuisance which some of its opponents would have us believe," my reason for this opinion being that "all important races of this sort are held on the least frequented part of the great North road, at a considerable distance (twenty to thirty miles) from town." Mr. and Mrs. Pennell assure me that I have placed myself "in direct opposition to both of the great recognised cycling associations." The leading cycling association in this country is the National Cyclists' Union, and in an article on "Cycling," signed "J. and E. R. Pennell," in the February number of the *New Review*, I find it written that the National Cyclists' Union "winks" when there is a question of road-racing. It is unusual to "wink" at a thing to which you are "in direct opposition." The question of the qualifications of amateur racing-men may, perhaps, be left to "the great recognised cycling associations."—I am, Sir, obediently yours,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE,

"THE PROSPECTS OF THE CYCLING SEASON."  
March 16th, 1891.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, March 20th, 1891.

THE author of "Gulliver's Travels" has many victims, men, women and children, who obey his spell, and who cannot, try as hard as they may, disarm his fascination. The Minister of Kirm, N.B., is only the latest. (See "Swift: The Mystery of his Life and Love." By the Rev. James Kay. Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1891.)

We are no friends to literary animosities. To quarrel with Genius in a world of bores is sheer fatuity: a self-denying ordinance which severely punishes your poor long-suffering self and benefits nobody. And yet were a Scotsman and a Presbyterian to steel his heart against the Dean of St. Patrick's, and plead for so doing a libelled nationality and an insulted creed, it would be no great wonder. But the Minister of Kirm conquers all prejudice.

Swift is the only man of genius who has ever really succeeded in hating the Scotch. Many an excellent good fellow has vigorously pretended to do so and made mirth thereby. The fun has often been a little forced, the jesting by no means always felicitous, but no harm ever came of it. The Dean is always different. The cheeriest of optimists never said of him "his bark is worse than his bite." He

is all bite and no bark. His irony cuts like a knife, his abuse is unrelieved by a single trace of playfulness. It is murderous.

When Charles Lamb, after his pleasant fashion, was flicking his handkerchief at North Britons, he bethought him of a passage in Swift, which helped him along, and he quotes it, but not in the text. His fine sense recognised that the quotation could have no place in an Essay of Elia, and so it stands alone, gnashing its teeth, if ever words did, at the foot of the page. Turn to the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," and there you will find it, and, reading it after Lamb, will not fail to appreciate how wide is the gulf which for ever separates good humour from bad.

The nineteen volumes which, in Sir Walter Scott's edition, contain the life, works, and letters of this extraordinary person, are to me still a puzzle and a bewilderment.

A man who has had his tale told by Johnson and Scott ought to be comprehensible. Swift has been, on the whole, lucky with his biographers. Dr. Craik's is a judicious life, Mitford's an admirable sketch, Forster's a valuable fragment. Mr. Leslie Stephen never fails to get to close quarters with his subject. Then there are anecdotes without end, all bubbling with vitality: letters, and journals. And yet, when you have read all that is to be read—what are you to say—what to think?

No fouler pen than Swift's has soiled our literature. His language is horrible from first to last. He is full of odious images, of base and abominable allusions. It would be a labour of Hercules to cleanse his pages. His love-letters are defaced by his incurable coarseness. This habit of his is so inveterate that it seems a miracle he kept his sermons free from his blackguard phrases. It is a question not of morality, but of decency, whether it is becoming to sit in the same room with the works of this divine. How the good Sir Walter ever managed to see him through the press is amazing. In this matter Swift is inexcusable.

Then his unfeeling temper, his domineering brutality—the tears he drew, the discomfort he occasioned:—

"Swift, dining at a house, where the part of the tablecloth which was next him happened to have a small hole, tore it as wide as he could, and eat his soup through it; his reason for such behaviour was, as he said, to mortify the lady of the house and to teach her to pay a proper attention to housewifery."

One is glad to know he sometimes met his match. He slept one night at an inn kept by a widow lady of very respectable family, Mrs. Seneca of Drogheda. In the morning he made a violent complaint of the sheets being dirty. "Dirty, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Seneca; "you are the last man, Doctor, that should complain of dirty sheets." And so, indeed, he was, for he had just published the "Lady's Dressing Room," a very dirty sheet indeed. Honour to Mrs. Seneca of Drogheda!

This side of the account needs no vouching. But there is another side.

In 1705 Addison made a present of his book of travels to Dr. Swift, in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words:—

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift,  
The most agreeable companion,  
The truest friend,  
And the greatest genius of his age."

Addison was not lavish of epithets. His geese were geese, not swans. His testimony is not to be shaken, and what a testimony it is!



Then there is Stella's Swift. As for Stella herself, I have never felt I knew enough about her to join very heartily in Thackeray's raptures: "Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature! Pure and affectionate heart. . . . Gentle lady! so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. . . . You are one of the saints of English story." This may be so, but all I feel I know about Stella is that Swift loved her. That is certain, at all events.

"If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, and no man ever loved."

The verses to Stella are altogether lovely:

"But, Stella, say what evil tongue  
Reports you are no longer young,  
That Time sits with his scythe to mow  
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow,  
That half your locks are turned to grey?  
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.  
'Tis true, but let it not be known,  
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown."

And again—

"Oh! then, whatever Heaven intends,  
Take pity on your pitying friends!  
Nor let your ills affect your mind  
To fancy they can be unkind.  
Me, surely me, you ought to spare  
Who gladly would your suffering share,  
Or give my scrap of life to you  
And think it far beneath your due;  
You, to whose care so oft I owe  
That I'm alive to tell you so."

We are all strangely woven in one piece, as Shakespeare says. These verses of Swift's irresistibly remind their readers of Cowper's lines to Mrs. Unwin.

Swift's prose is famous all the world over. To say anything about it is superfluous. David Hume indeed found fault with it. Hume paid great attention to the English language, and by the time he died had come to write it with much facility and creditable accuracy; but Swift is one of the masters of English prose. But how admirable also is his poetry—easy, yet never slipshod! It lacks one quality only—imagination. There is not a fine phrase, a magical line to be found in it such as may occasionally be found in—let us say—Butler. Yet, as a whole, Swift is a far more enjoyable poet than Butler.

Swift has unhappily written some abominable verses, which ought never to have been set up in type, but the Legion Club, the verses on his own death, Cadenus and Vanessa, the Rhapsody on Poetry, the tremendous lines on the Day of Judgment, and many others, all belong to enjoyable poetry, and can never lose their freshness, their charm, their vitality. Amongst the poets of the eighteenth century Swift sits secure, for he can never go out of fashion.

His hatred of mankind seems genuine. There is nothing *façetie* about it. He is always in sober, deadly earnest when he abuses his fellow-men. What an odd revenge we have taken! His gospel of hatred, his testament of woe—his Gulliver, upon which he expended the treasures of his wit, and into which he instilled the concentrated essence of his rage, has become a child's book, and has been read with wonder and delight by generations of innocents. After all, it is a kindly place, this planet, and the best use we have for our cynics is to let them amuse the junior portion of our population.

I only know one good-humoured anecdote of Swift. It is very slight, but it is fair to tell it. He dined one day in the company of the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, with Mr. Cæsar, Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the City. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise, and then, as it were suddenly recollecting

himself, said, "Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon." One can fancy this occasioning a pleasant ripple of laughter.

There is another story I cannot lay my hands on to verify, but it is to this effect. Faulkner, Swift's Dublin publisher, years after the Dean's death, was dining with some friends who rallied him upon his odd way of eating some dish—I think, asparagus. He confessed Swift had told him it was the right way, therefore they laughed the louder, until Faulkner, growing a little angry, exclaimed: "I tell you what it is, gentlemen, if you had ever dined with the Dean you would have eaten your asparagus as he bade you."

Truly a wonderful man—imperious, masterful. Yet his state is not kingly like Johnson's—it is tyrannical, sinister, forbidding.

I understand the author of "A Village Tragedy" has written a novel in which Swift appears. It is a bold stroke. May fortune attend it. A. B.

## REVIEWS.

### TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

MÉMOIRES DU PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. Publiés avec un préface et des notes par le Duc de Broglie, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. Edited by the Duke de Broglie, translated by Raphael Ledos de Beaufort, F.R.Hist.S. with an Introduction by the Honourable Whitelaw Reid, American Minister in Paris. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh. 1891.

NO book in our time has been expected with more curiosity than the autobiography of one whose place in French history, from 1789 to 1832, is only second to that of Napoleon. The fact that he had directed the volume of his recollections, or confessions, or justifications, to be kept secret for thirty years from his death, before it should be published, was enough to stimulate interest and speculation. It was naturally believed that he had made revelations which could not see the light while any of the actors compromised remained alive; that he had preserved anecdotes, or indulged himself in criticisms regarding his contemporaries which would have appeared unseemly until the lapse of time had thrown a softening haze around them. When the thirty years expired and the book remained still unprinted, the mystery seemed to deepen. It was thought that the revelations, which had to be further deferred, must be highly compromising. Some hinted that important personages were paying heavily for secrecy regarding the doings of their ancestors. Others, professing to have private sources of information, declared that all the more interesting parts of the book were being gradually excised or toned down, and that when at last it appeared everybody would be disappointed.

Talleyrand died in 1838, and the period of thirty years fixed by himself expired in 1868. His literary executor, M. de Bacourt, had, however, by his will fixed a further period of twenty years, so that not till 1888 did the permitted moment of publication arrive. The Duke de Broglie, who is responsible for the present volumes (having been appointed thereto by the last surviving executor of M. de Bacourt), informs us in a clear and interesting preface that they appear exactly as Bacourt and Talleyrand's niece, the Duchess of Dino, left them. Whether any omissions or modifications were made by these two first dignitaries of Talleyrand's wishes does not appear, and can perhaps be no longer ascertained. In the present issue we have Volumes I. and II. of the work, carrying the story down to the Congress of Vienna. They were written not long after that famous gathering, and certainly before 1830.

Those who have expected in these memoirs what are called "revelations," will be disappointed. They contain comparatively little regarding their author's private life, and still less regarding the private life of others. There are not many anecdotes, very few *bons mots*, scarcely any scandal. Even the light they throw on public affairs comes not so much from the disclosure of matters known to Talleyrand, which had remained undisclosed, as from his powerful and penetrating reflections on facts which were already public property. It was natural for those who think of Talleyrand chiefly as a sayer of good things so famous that all good things came to be ascribed to him, to suppose that his autobiography must be rich in the kind of matter wherever great part of his fame rests. It was also natural that those who remember the unrivalled series of vivid pictures of society which the French writers of memoirs have left for us, should expect something in the same style from one whose opportunities for observing were larger and more varied than those of any of his contemporaries, and who was also the master of an admirably delicate and vigorous pen. But Talleyrand does not seem to have thought of treading in the steps of Brantôme or St. Simon. His book is quiet, serious, even grave, from beginning to end. The reader anxious only to be amused may even call it dull. But he who desires instruction, and wishes to be helped to reflect patiently on the broad aspects and underlying causes of the great events which filled Talleyrand's life, and whereof he was, if not a great, yet a considerable part, will read every word of it with sustained interest.

It is not professedly or palpably an apology for or explanation of the questionable incidents in his career. Only in a few instances does he defend or justify such incidents. He gives the reasons for his consecrating the two "constitutional bishops" in 1791, the last occasion when he exercised his sacerdotal office: he repels with indignation the charge of complicity in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. But the whole narrative of his childhood and youth is constructed with the utmost skill, so as to convey what is substantially an excuse for his position as a priest and bishop, for his cynicism, for his want of fixed principles, for the repeated changes of his political attitude. In the same way the account of his action under Napoleon and at the Congress of Vienna is implicitly a plea for indulgence to his transgressions on the ground of his loyalty to France. An unwillingness to dwell on the events of 1789-92 makes him pass almost in silence over even the good that he did during those years; but he dwells with evident satisfaction on two acts of the earlier time when he was a leading figure among the clerical statesmen before the Revolution—his attempt to induce the clergy to buy up, for the purpose of abolishing, the public lotteries whence the Crown derived a considerable revenue, and his effort to obtain the liberty of re-marriage for the wives of Breton fishermen who had perished at sea, but whose death could not be proved. He finds pleasure in recalling the consideration he showed to the captive Spanish princes at Valençay, his sympathy for Queen Louisa of Prussia and her recognition of it, the indulgence which Pope Pius VII. showed for one whom he might have been expected rigorously to condemn.

It is impossible, within the limits of a short article, to give any account of the many and divers matters of historical significance which these volumes contain. But a few words may be said on so much of them as cast light on the personal characters of Talleyrand himself and of Napoleon. The picture which the old man gives of his childhood and youth has all the air of truth about it. It explains and even palliates some, at least, of the faults and crimes of his manhood. He never had any home life, and at the time when he saw most of his parents, saw them only once a week. He grew up in school and college

a silent, proud, reserved, introverted boy, averse to the priestly profession for which he was destined, with no one to exert any wholesome influence on his character, noting the hollowness of the brilliant society to which he belonged, and in particular the practical atheism and open profligacy of the higher clergy, and coming at last to take from that society his view of the world generally. No better training in cynicism and opportunism could be imagined. A softer heart and a more rigid conscience than he received from Nature might easily have been ruined by such conditions. He describes himself as being originally of a vivacious temper, averse to forms, longing for sympathy, and desiring us to understand that the enamelled hardness with which he was afterwards credited was the inevitable consequence of the circumstances of his youth. It is interesting to observe that he was one of those who educate themselves by miscellaneous reading—a method of education which, when the mind is naturally vigorous, is often far better than tutors or school teachers. He seems to have read by preference political history and travels rather than philosophy or romances or poetry, and to have never felt any taste for theology. The subject which most frequently induces him to indulge himself with a digression is political economy. Adam Smith and Turgot were two bright luminaries in his early manhood, and drew the ablest minds to the new science they were forming. It suffered an eclipse thereafter for some thirty years or more.

On the character and habits of Napoleon it cannot be said that these Memoirs throw much absolutely new light. Many volumes have been written on them since Talleyrand's pen stopped; and what he tells us does little more than confirm the impressions which a perusal of the whole Napoleonic literature produces. As in Madame de Rémusat's book, the earlier views of him are much more attractive than the later; the shadows in his character begin to deepen long before the gloom of approaching disaster is felt to be thickening round him. Talleyrand speaks of him with his usual coolness, "using no more violence than is necessary in the premises." He does not seek to belittle his intellectual powers, but he exposes with satisfaction his rudeness, his meanness, and his insatiable vanity. The anecdotes of the fury to which he was roused on the evening of Austerlitz by a report of the criticisms passed on him by the Faubourg St. Germain, and of his efforts to shine as an authority in history and literature among the distinguished Germans—Goethe, Wieland, Müller, and others whom he gathered round him at Erfurt—are admirably illustrative. Talleyrand dates the estrangement between himself and Napoleon from a conversation on Spanish affairs which took place in 1808 at Nantes, and in which the Minister, provoked, as he admits, by his master's arrogant tone, expressed himself with an unusual degree of freedom on the trickery of which Napoleon had been guilty towards the royal family. Although there is nothing to change the view of Napoleon's character which the world has now generally accepted, everything about so extraordinary a being has its interests; nor was there any of his contemporaries so well fitted as Talleyrand—by knowledge, on the one hand, and "detachment" on the other—to judge him accurately. His observations, both here and everywhere else in the book, are full of  *finesse*. The character of Siéyès (at p. 211 of Vol. I.) is a masterpiece of incisive, unsparing, and yet apparently unprejudicial portraiture. Though he evidently dislikes the man, Talleyrand conveys the impression of giving him credit for the elements of greatness he possessed.

It remains to say a word or two on the two editions which lie before us. The Duke de Broglie, who edits the French edition, has done his work well. The preface is interesting and not unjust, though evidently coloured by the author's monarchial opinions. The notes are very helpful in



giving us short biographical notices of the persons to whom Talleyrand refers or alludes, although when we find a statement that the Russian army which Massena defeated at Zurich in 1799 was the army which Suvaroff had led across the Alps, we cannot feel absolute confidence in their perfect accuracy. What this edition needs to make it complete is a historical table prefixed, giving the dates of all the chief events in French and general European history during Talleyrand's life. It would be perfectly easy to prepare such a table, and nothing would serve better to make the book instructive to readers who have not the history of those times at their fingers' ends.

As respects the English edition, of which only the first volume seems as yet to have appeared, it contains, besides a translation of the Duke de Broglie's preface, an introduction by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of which we will only say that it is strange that, if an introduction was thought to be called for, the task of writing it was not committed to some person more eminent in the field of history and literature. The translation by M. Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort—whom we should be not less disposed to think competent if he had not added to his name the letters F.R.Hist.Soc., which, we believe, are to be obtained on payment of a small fee—runs smoothly, and seems very fairly accurate. That in it a good deal of the sharpness of line and delicate flavour of the original should be lost is inevitable. A style like Talleyrand's must suffer by translation. But we think that, without becoming harsh or stiff, M. de Beaufort might have kept rather closer to the original. He is frequently free where he would have done well to give a literal rendering.

#### ENGLAND UNDER CROMWELL.

THE INTERREGNUM (A.D. 1648—1660). By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C.  
London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

As a complete copy of the Acts and Ordinances from the opening of the Long Parliament to the death of the Protector is not known to exist, Mr. Inderwick had to sift out much of the matter in his new book from the contemporary prints—not always impartial or well-informed—from the conflicting and inaccurate statements of the Cavalier and Roundhead presses, or from the chance and not easily discovered store of some private collector. These legislative, social, and legal studies of the Commonwealth represent, therefore, a great deal of laborious research, for which our thanks are due to the author, as the result constitutes a very valuable contribution towards the understanding of the most momentous period in English history. Clearness of statement was to be expected from Mr. Inderwick, and we have it throughout. The mass of fact which he has collected is duly ranked, and the reader is never at a loss for a moment as to the bearing of each detail on the scope of the book. Mr. Inderwick gives us in brief space, but compactly, some idea of the condition of the middle and working classes, of the mode in which they made their living, and of the laws and regulations by which they were governed, during the Commonwealth. The great importance of Mr. Inderwick's book to the student of history becomes apparent when we remember that, although much literature has gathered round Cromwell and his times, there is no account in any previous work of these subjects. The general reader, dreading heavy, undigested, unreadable matter, is apt to keep clear of books which are commended to the student of history; but while a part of Mr. Inderwick's work is necessarily in some degree technical, there are several hundred pages which the average uninspired club-man will only be too glad to read. We shall indicate briefly some of the more interesting points.

The slowly increasing party that clamours for government by a single House of representatives, lays much stress on the abolition of the House of Lords by the Long Parliament, as if that measure

had been one of the main objects of the rebellion; but Mr. Inderwick shows that the House of Lords was declared useless and dangerous only when it refused to sanction the trial of the King; its abolition was merely an unexpected incident of the social and political warfare. He does not argue that a House of Lords is indispensable. On the contrary, he is of opinion that the government of Great Britain can be carried on without an Hereditary Chamber. What he does insist on is, that no government seems possible in England without the co-operation and influence of a second Chamber of some kind. A moderating or compensating balance in public affairs is indigenous in the views and habits of our people; and this position Mr. Inderwick supports by abundant analogy from our legal, municipal, and ecclesiastical regulations.

What was the people's compensation for the abolition of royalty? This question, answered in the general purpose of the book, is the special subject of one chapter. The majority of the people were not Puritans, and the dreariness of life under the Commonwealth must have been almost unendurable to the great mass of Englishmen. What was the compensation to the country for the destruction of a monarchy, to which for centuries they had been attached, and for the stoppage of those various forms of amusement to which they had been habituated from childhood, and which they loved, although they were contented to see them proscribed? Their contentment under a *régime* which destroyed their social freedom was the result of their belief that the Puritan leaders had at heart the welfare of the necessitous multitude as against the privileged few. This fact was brought home to the people by the laws which practically abolished the middleman; by the high rate of wages which lasted as long as Cromwell lived; by the organisation of a General Post; by the beginning of the admirable highway system, under which we are now governed; by the liberation of hundreds of non-fraudulent debtors; by the ransoming, wholesale, of English captives in Algiers and Turkey; by religious toleration; by the dealing out of an even-handed and fearless justice in a fashion not known since the days of Queen Elizabeth; and by the numerous reforms originated in every department of the State, of which we are now reaping the benefit. It was this strong and kindly government that kept the people loyal to Cromwell, and made them support his son enthusiastically until they were convinced of his incapacity.

On the subject of Cromwell's character Mr. Inderwick has a wise word to say. The time, he thinks, has not yet arrived for a true estimate of Cromwell, because clouds of prejudice and uncertainty envelop him as if he were as much alive as the problems of the seventeenth century which have descended to us unsolved: when we have settled the Tithe Question and the Labour Question we shall be able to think of Cromwell without taking an extreme view. Meanwhile, we must be content, without ignoring his failings, on the one hand, or accepting him as an inspired prophet and law-giver on the other, to recognise his love for England, his ambition and his courage in her behalf, and his zeal as a reformer of her laws.

#### ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

ACROSS THE BORDER; OR, PATHAN AND BILOCH. By Edward E. Oliver, M.Inst.C.E., etc. London: Chapman & Hall, 1890.

MR. OLIVER's work discloses both the advantages and the drawbacks of the conditions under which it was done. His volume chiefly consists of a series of articles on the North-Western Frontier Tribes and Frontier Policy, written for two Anglo-Indian newspapers. On the one hand they convey the impression of freshness and of being up to date which is the distinctive *cachet* of high-class journalism. On the other hand they betray that note of military

aggressiveness and of national self-assertion which is so characteristic of the less responsible of our countrymen in India. It is possible to pick out injudicious words which might serve as texts for a diatribe in the *Novoe Vremya* on the British instinct of pushing forward with little regard to the rights or claims of frontier races. It is also possible to find sentences which Russian officers in Central Asia might cite in defence of their own acts of aggression. But it is impossible to carefully read Mr. Oliver's book without recognising the value of the stores of knowledge and observation which it contains, and feeling grateful for his lucid and picturesque narrative.

Mr. Oliver endeavours to bring before us the existing conditions and recent history of the Hill tribes on the North-Western frontier of India. As a civil engineer, he starts with a clear perception of the necessity of making us understand the country, in order that we may obtain just conceptions regarding its inhabitants. The absence of topographical knowledge has more than once brought disaster to the British arms among the congested series of mountain ranges of which he treats. For in such operations, whether against the frontier tribes or against the States which lie beyond them, delay is itself disaster of a very serious kind. He correctly points out that "in the Afghan War of 1878 our troops had to blunder along, finding roads, halting-places, and water for themselves, exposed to needless delays and inconveniences at every stage. The flank march on Ali Musjid lost half its value for want of a good map, and the direct attack might have been thoroughly accomplished in a few hours had it been known how easily the position could be turned from the left. In the Kurram Valley Expedition nothing was known of the Peiwar Kotal before the storming, which had to be delayed in consequence. The first experience of the Black Mountain Expedition was to find our maps showing the Indus miles out of position, and the insignificance of the foe alone saved a disaster. Almost all the minor expeditions across the frontier have been handicapped by similar ignorance, involving frequent mistakes costing needless lives."

Anyone who has stood on the little platform from which our distant cannonade was opened on Ali Musjid, or who has followed the routes taken by British troops at various times into the mountains, will recognise the justice of these remarks. We do not underrate the important services rendered by the late General Sir Charles Macgregor, and by the Official Gazetteers, in bringing those difficult regions within the domain of a more exact knowledge. But after some personal acquaintance with the results of these labours, we think we are safe in saying that, until the publication of the new official map of Afghanistan a few weeks ago, the topography of the North-Western frontier had never been presented to the public in so clear and at the same time so convenient a form as in the present book.

Mr. Oliver prefixes to his volume three sketch-charts for which alone he would have earned the gratitude of students of military history. In one he gives a bird's-eye view of the whole Indian frontier, from the Indus westwards, commencing with the Little Pamir and Oxus River on the north and travelling southwards to the Sonmeani Bay and Karachi. The scale of this chart, twenty-four miles to the inch, does not permit of anything like perfect fulness of detail. But Mr. Oliver has managed to make it show not only the old line of the British border and the approximate tribal boundaries, but also the railways existing and projected, and the frontier military roads, whether completed or in progress. In two other maps, on the larger scale of sixteen miles to the inch, he exhibits, with adequate precision, the important sections of the Hazara Valley, including the Upper Indus and the route by the Khaibar Pass to Kabul. The absence of hill engraving is to some extent compensated by the greater clearness with which he is enabled to bring out the important places and strategical points. Taken along with the

new official map, they form an admirable guide to the military history of the North-Western border-land.

But while Mr. Oliver has thus rendered a timely service to the popular topography of the Punjab and Sind frontier, he figures throughout his book as a shrewd observer of men and manners rather than as a professional engineer. His account of the Biloch and Pathan tribes has the charm of personal experience. In his "reliques of Biloch history" he presents, in a very readable form, the poetical side of the highland character. Perhaps the pages that will be most generally appreciated are those which relate the legends and exhibit the domestic and tribal institutions of this frontier Switzerland of India. Everywhere we see the old order changing into the new. Pillage has ceased, in many parts of the hills, to be a paying profession, and in others has been abandoned altogether for more lucrative, although more peaceful, callings.

Take, for example, "the Mazâris, whose name is variously said to be derived from the Mazâr, a stream in Sistân, or the same word meaning a tiger-hold, the country from the Sind border to near Mithankote, and who are perhaps the most important and flourishing. They can muster probably 4,000 fighting men, mostly living within British territory, where they own many villages. In former days they were referred to by Elphinstone as famous for piracies on the Indus and accomplished as highway robbers. They were at almost perpetual war with their neighbours in every direction, and had the reputation of being the most adroit cattle-thieves along the line. Since annexation in 1849 they have given no trouble. They are, perhaps, not now good agriculturists, preferring to graze their flocks along the river-banks in the hot weather, and in the low hills in the cold; but they have settled gradually down into becoming peaceful and loyal subjects, and their chief was not long ago made a Nawâb by the British Government for 'distinguished loyalty and good service.'"

Or, again: "The Gurchânis—or, as they would call themselves, Gorishânis—somewhat mongrel Biloches, who traditionally trace their descent to a converted Hindu Raja of Sind, own the bulk of the Mârri and Drâgul Hills, though they cannot, or very recently could not, be said to hold them. Constant feuds with the Mârri rendered their lands beyond the border somewhat less profitable than an Irish estate. One of their chiefs joined Humayun in his march to Delhi in 1556. Others maintained a state of constant war with the Sikhs; systematically harried the plains east of the Indus; and at the time of the Punjab annexation had the reputation of being 'the worst behaved of the Biloch tribes.' They are probably now only restrained from falling on the adjoining Laghâris by our presence; yet they have in various ways been brought under complete control, and their conduct reputed as 'uniformly good.' The Laghâris, a powerful tribe located around the Sakhi Sarwar pass, as well as the Khosas, Lunds, and Kasrânis, originally all more or less given to the trade of Turpin and Macheath, have developed comparatively industrious habits. Several of their head men have turned their energies to canal-making, have acquired extensive estates, become honorary magistrates, and are now among the staunchest supporters of social order. The Bughtis of the rocky and barren country on the Râjanpur border, and the Bozdârs of the hills opposite Mangrotha, have at times given a little more trouble, and the former are credited with at least one famous raid into Sind, when they succeeded in lifting some 15,000 cattle. Both have had to receive lessons more or less severe, but have profited greatly by the teaching, and with the Mârri, in many respects the most important of all, whose raids in former times were constant and indiscriminate, are now exceedingly friendly."

The space at our disposal has enabled us to deal with only two aspects of Mr. Oliver's volume, the topographical and political. But it is a many-sided book. The ethnical student, the traveller, and our



good friend "the general reader" will alike find matter of interest and instruction in its forty chapters. Nor should we omit to call attention to the high merits of the illustrations so liberally scattered throughout its pages. Some of them are drawn from photographs; others, however, are original sketches of very characteristic *verve* and fidelity by Mr. J. L. Kipling. Mr. Kipling has long been known in Northern India as the leading spirit in the Lahore Museum and School of Art. In his drawings in the present volume, the English public will recognise the paternal genius which has descended in so abundant a measure to his son, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, although in another line of art. We would recommend to notice the original drawings of "The Fruit-Seller" at p. 80, "The Horse-Dealers" at p. 103, the tail-piece of powder-flasks at the end of Chapter XVI., the grim Pathan at p. 164, and the ornamented fiddle at p. 329. But Mr. Kipling is scarcely less happy in his sketches from photographs than in his work from nature. Indeed, it is hardly possible for anyone not an expert to detect the fact that such illustrations as "The Leading Camel of the Kafilah" are not original drawings. Great credit is also due to Messrs. Chapman and Hall for the care and liberality which they have evidently bestowed on the production of the volume.

#### PROFESSOR LAURIE'S LECTURES ON LINGUISTIC METHOD.

LECTURES ON LANGUAGE. By S. S. Laurie, A.M., Edinburgh. Cambridge University Press: C. J. Clay & Sons.

It would be well if the young men who are pitchforked into our public schools, to teach boys to make the same mistakes which they made themselves a few years ago, would acquaint themselves with the useful works which are being issued by the Teachers' Training Syndicate of the University of Cambridge. Such lectures as those of Mr. Arthur Sidgwick on "Stimulus," Dr. Abbott on "Verse Composition," and Mr. Colbeck on the "Teaching of Modern Languages," ought to be read and studied by all young teachers. The ancient system still prevails, in spite of blackboards and competitive examinations; and education is the only profession for which no special "technical" preparation is supposed to be required. A carpenter must cut his fingers, and a maid prick hers, whilst they are being taught the rudiments, and before being entrusted with the making of a door or a shirt; but the young graduate, fresh from the Class List, is supposed to be able to teach everybody and everything.

To some extent rule-of-thumb must, and ought to prevail; but it is a mistake to suppose that intelligence and sympathy, supposing them to exist, are the only qualities necessary to a schoolmaster, and that teaching, like love-making, is born in all men except a few bachelors. We wish the Teachers' Training Syndicate all success, and more encouragement than they get from some of our head-masters.

Professor Laurie speaks with authority on his subject, and what he writes is worthy of attentive consideration. We will say at once that we think he under-estimates the *training* as well as the *discipline* (for he rightly calls attention to the difference between the words) to be found in mathematics and in science. The particular discipline supplied by mathematics has been long acknowledged, and nothing new can be said on the subject. The training power of mathematics in educating the eye and the mind in problems of form and quantity, and in combining facts and chains of reasoning, is so important, that the linguistic method which Professor Laurie supports can ill afford to dispense with its help. Science, again, if properly treated, is invaluable in teaching observation, classification (or the statement of likeness and difference), and the combination and relation of cause and effect. No one can master such a book as the "Origin of Species"

without having his reasoning power strengthened. Science, it is true, may be so treated as to be little more than a collection of formulas, or the mere verifying by experiment of ascertained facts and processes, and so become barren, and provide little exercise of the reasoning faculty. But those who know how to teach science, are aware, not only that it is one of the straightest roads towards "seeing the point," but also that Wonder, the mother of Knowledge, is nowhere more creative than in the region of science.

We are, however, disposed to think, with Professor Laurie, that for the finer class of minds the culture afforded by literature is far higher than that to be obtained from science; and we would challenge, without any fear of the result, a comparison between men of letters and men of science to support our view.

Professor Laurie gives it as his opinion that language (and by language he means in the main the native language) is incomparably the best training ground for the will as well as the mind. "It is the power of discriminating and of rightly reasoning, of separating the right from the wrong, the true from the false, the good from the bad, the wise from the unwise, which must always govern." The effort of the will to overcome intellectual difficulties has a moral as well as an intellectual value. And as the substance as well as the form must form part of all teaching in which the learner, too, is to take part, that subject is best which calls out the largest range of sympathies, is in short most interesting. Language and literature will after all be that part of education the results of which are most valuable, and will take precedence of other subjects. And the closer and wider the acquaintance with foreign literature which we can give our pupils, the sooner will be their hold on their own. Professor Laurie is clearly wrong in disparaging "the merely imitative acquisition of French or German which children may acquire in the nursery—mere memory work at best." It is not mere memory work. It is the acquisition of a new power, the power of expressing thought through a different vehicle, and the entrance to another literature. The wider the field, the better the chance of awaking interest. If our young men look back on their hours spent in school as wasted time, it is because their lessons were not made interesting to them. Boys read half a dozen Greek or Latin authors at once and in lengths of five or six inches apiece. They do not know—their teachers sometimes do not seem to know—that what they are reading is a drama, a history, an oration, or a philosophical treatise. It is presented to them as a collection of examples of or exceptions to grammatical and linguistic rules. It has never been shown at all as a real thing.

Professor Laurie is perhaps too sanguine in thinking that it is enough for the teacher to be himself a lover of literature. Most boys will never greatly care for books; and it needs sympathy, patience, and humility to awake an interest in those who are capable of it. Boys are easily discouraged, easily bored. They hate pedantry and factitious zeal, they love novelty and are quickly tired. We must vary the intellectual diet and enrich the mind by increasing its stores of knowledge; and to this end Professor Laurie wisely advises teachers to get quickly over the ground and read much "cursively." With a proper economy of time a considerable portion of the field of literature might be visited which now lies unexplored to all but a very few.

But more depends upon the teacher than on the subject. It is said with truth that a good teacher can make any subject interesting. It is not less true that most teachers can make any subject dull. The fault or misfortune of schoolmasters, take them in the average, as of clergymen, is that they are like other men, mostly commonplace, whilst their profession demands the possession of qualities which are not commonplace. This must always be so; and,

therefore, in spite of theory the results of education are never likely to come up to the wishes of its professors. But this is not a justification of despair; rather it is a reason for improving the practice of teaching, selecting teachers carefully, and training them by the most enlightened methods. When all is done, the dull disciplinary routine is likely to have more than its due place in education. To correct this fault is one of the principal problems of education, and we are inclined to fear that it is partly insoluble. The solution, so far as there is a solution, depends greatly on the progress of intelligent training.

#### MR. GEORGE MOORE'S ESSAYS.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. By George Moore. London: David Nutt. 1891.

THIS pretty little volume contains essays and papers on Balzac, Turgueneff, a book of M. Zola's, another of M. de Goncourt's; on three French poets—Verlaine, Rimbaud, Laforgue, two at least of whom are quite unknown to English readers; on Ibsen's *Ghosts*, the Théâtre Libre, and the aspirations of English actors and playwrights; and on certain matters that concern painters, more especially those who look to Paris for enlightenment. Much, therefore, of the book is French in inspiration; and of this we have no desire to complain. To tell the truth, it has given us considerable pleasure and left a few deep regrets. One of these is that Mr. Moore did not write it all in French.

To begin with, the English in which Mr. Moore expresses his opinions is a somewhat cumbrous vehicle, and jolts heavily. His sentences, now and then, are Ciceronian in length, but in length only. They want back-bone: they lie prone on the flood, extending long and large and floating many a rood, but suggesting no latent agility. This, however, is not the worst of it. France and England have each their type of essay, and each is good—the English gossipy, familiar, full of amenity, slightly provincial; the French urbane, colder in feeling, more deft in structure and expression, slightly pedantic. An English essay is at home in the knapsack, a French essay in the study. The difference is as wide as that between the work of Constable and that of the French landscape-painters; and Mr. Moore is severe enough, while discussing the Salon Julian, on the growing tendency to study English landscape through French spectacles. We infer that he would allow scant praise to the "Newlyn School," as it is called. But he strikes us as having fallen into a similar trap. He conveys French impressions and opinions in a vehicle which can only be made to carry them by a writer of exceptional tact and restraint.

Now Mr. Moore has a remarkable lack of restraint: and in discarding French for English, he discards a language which might have kept him urbane against his will, and employs another in which over-statement, clumsiness, rudeness, are fatally easy. The error is the more deplorable because his opinions (though we agree with very many of them) are likely to be unfamiliar to his audience, and should therefore be put with a conciliatory air. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is somewhat apt to scold and fling stones.

Nevertheless, this volume of his should please as well as interest. The writer has strong likings as well as dislikings, and the paper on Balzac shows that the young man of our days can be humble enough before the object of his reverence, though his gods be not those the last generation worshipped. Indeed there is almost too much reverence in this essay: though that is not Mr. Moore's fault. Finding Balzac too immense a subject for sixty pages, he has wisely chosen to speak nothing but eulogy—for that, after all, is the main point. But indeed a short essay on Balzac is as hopeless an adventure as a twenty minutes' lecture on Shakespeare. We gather that, of the two, Mr. Moore thinks Balzac the bigger genius. "As I understand

criticism," he says, "more as the story of the critic's soul than as an exact science, I confess that I would willingly give up *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., for the yellow books." Well, luckily there is no need to consider the bargain closely: it is poor criticism that must always be choosing between two men. If driven to express our opinion, we believe to barter Shakespeare for Balzac would be giving

"χρυσέα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' Ἰννεαβοίων,"

but we will admit it to be an exchange of two full suits of armour.

To our mind Mr. Moore succeeds better when he talks of Turgueneff. Everybody remembers Hazlitt's delightful essay "Of Persons one would Wish to have Seen." It was Charles Lamb (the man of all others one would wish to meet again upon earth) who started the question, on the memorable evening which Hazlitt describes, Whom, of all dead men, would you like to summon back for a few minutes' talk? We think, if we had to pick among the men who have died since Lamb, that Turgueneff would be our choice. There is something unspeakably winning in the figure of that gigantic, gentle Russian. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Henry James, "the impression he made upon me at that first interview. I found him adorable; I could scarcely believe that he would prove—that any man could prove—on nearer acquaintance so delightful as that." All who knew him speak with similar tenderness, and Mr. Moore, who encountered him once, seems to write the better for the meeting. "I turned," says he—it was at the Elysée Montmartre—"and saw one immense man walking as if through a crowd of pigmies. A great, grey face, sad and weary alike of the world's folly and wisdom. . . ." Their talk was but brief (though Turgueneff contrived to slip into it a sentence which sums up the defect of Zola's method in a dozen words), and yet it seems to have influenced Mr. Moore while he was writing the best essay in this volume. It is at once kindly and discerning: a delicate bit of work from end to end, and remarkable in a book which is for the most part a lot of purple patches with unpleasing intervals.

It requires more assurance than we possess to discuss Verlaine and the *symbolistes* and *décadents* with Mr. Moore: though we shall have to be discussing Verlaine very soon, it would seem. We confess that M. Jules Lemaitre frightened us off the subject some time ago, and led us to distrust our ability to comprehend the symbolists, at any rate in so brief a life as the present. We mention the two next essays, therefore, merely to draw attention to two admirable bits of description, on page 101 and page 114. After reading the story of Rimbaud, and the extracts which Mr. Moore gives of Rimbaud's work and Laforgue's, we can only apologise and promise that our ignorance shall be informed without delay.

We skip a paper on M. Zola's *Le Rêve*, which merely tells us that M. Zola is no realist at all—Who doubted it?—and says nothing of the pedantry of his style; another on the Duke of Wellington and Miss J., amusing but slight; and a third on Mlle. Clairon, which is a capital sketch after M. de Goncourt's portrait. Then comes a "note" on Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and two on the Théâtre Libre. As the Théâtre Libre has just been imported into this country, and *Ghosts* has been the first play produced, we may leave A. B. W. to express our views in another column of this paper. At least these three "notes" are happy in the moment of their appearance in book form. But on "Mummer Worship" and "Our Dramatists and their Literature" a word may be said. The former paper caused some stir when it came out in the *Universal Review*. It exhibits Mr. Moore at his very worst. What is the use of proving a point (we may ask) if you can't do it and keep your good manners? It annoyed the "mummers," no doubt, and the very vehemence of their offended vanity was as



good as a demonstration of Mr. Moore's theorem. But after all it came to no more than this. Mr. Moore saw a lot of actors going to church, and said, "Look at those poor creatures aping their betters. Just let me fling a stone at them and they'll forget their pretty manners, and begin to fling back." And so they did: but it was not a very respectable trick. "Dramatists and their Literature" is a very different affair: in fact it is a very pretty critical *tour de force*. "Our stock English dramatists assert," says Mr. Moore, in effect, "that they don't write literary English because the public will not let them. Now I propose to show that they couldn't write it if they tried"; and he does so in a perfectly legitimate manner.

We have small space left in which to speak of Mr. Moore's "art" criticism. His papers on Degas and the rival Salons are perhaps the most valuable in the volume. His reverence for both Manet and Degas is sincere and discriminating, and his comparison between Manet and Velasquez (in pp. 333-337) is really good work. Influenced as he has been by Paris, he can yet keep his head and do justice to the traditions of English art. "There is no such thing as English art," says Mr. Whistler; "you might as well talk of English mathematics." "But," answers Mr. Moore, "there are some who still believe that the *Ten o'Clock* has not altogether overthrown science and history."

"Opinion," says Milton, "in good men is but knowledge in the making." If this be true Mr. Moore is a deal too positive. Unless he proposes to arrest his mental development by blowing out his brains, or by some other method as summary, he will probably have to go back on some of his opinions before long, and the process will be the more painful because of the extreme violence with which these opinions have been stated. But that is his affair, not ours. Since there is no definite age of wisdom, it is well to be informed of men's views at all stages of their growth. We say nothing here of Mr. Moore's novels; but "Impressions and Opinions" is such a decided advance on the "Confessions of a Young Man" that we have great hope of his future as a critic.

#### NEW FICTION.

1. THE MAID OF HONOUR: A TALE OF THE DARK DAYS OF FRANCE. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Three vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.
2. FRIEND PERDITUS. By Mary H. Tennyson. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.
3. BELLERUE; OR, THE STORY OF ROLF. By W. M. L. Jay. One vol. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. 1891.

THERE are certain advantages to be gained by a writer of fiction who chooses for his subject the dark days of France, or any other country. It must be useful to have the fickle mob at one's hand, ready to drive the principal characters into any required course of action by the motive of terror, ready to invest the story with the pathos of persecution, or to take upon itself the task of administering romantic justice, unsullied by any taint of wearisome and commonplace legality. The inconsistency which would ruin an individual character is desirable and becoming in a mob; for are not mobs notoriously fickle? There are potentialities in these stirring times which the novelist does not find in the regular, monotonous end of the present century. At the same time difficulties, which have often been pointed out, beset the author who gives his story a historical background. He is liable to become merely accurate when he should be vivid and graphic, to be didactic when he should be interesting, to put his imagination into harness and his readers into a refreshing slumber. The author of "The Maid of Honour" seems to have taken the advantages and avoided the difficulties. It is a readable novel, but it has two bad faults. The heroine is a persecuted woman, persecuted by the indifference of her husband and by the passion or greed of others. Now the persecuted heroine

either grasps the reader's sympathies and is pathetic, or misses them and is dull or irritating. In this case the heroine does not always hold our sympathies. At first she seems weak, tactless, stupid, resourceless. She can only be driven to action by extremities. At the close of the book she shows courage, and even goes so far as to display common sense; but one can never forget that she is at least partly responsible for her own misfortunes. The second conspicuous fault in the book is its length; the second volume is frequently tedious. The style is not absolutely brilliant, but it is not commonplace. There is the pretty and delicate sense of humour which we should have expected from the author. The characters are for the most part drawn with clearness, precision, and power; and although, as was inevitable, the story deals with mesmerism, it does not take it too seriously.

"Friend Perditus" is a novel in which the idea is much better than the execution. The hero was found floating twenty miles out at sea, "bound to a plank of wood . . . unclothed with the exception of a flannel shirt and a heavy leathern belt," and he had an awful wound on the top of his head. The shock of these combined misfortunes had totally destroyed his memory. The belt contained £40,000 worth of diamonds. There are the materials here for a very good story. Unfortunately, Miss Tennyson's style is the style that one would have feared from an amateur who had read too much of the average fiction of the day. It has no life and no originality. It is the style that deals with conventional epithets and emaciated metaphors. But the chief fault of the book is that the author appears to be utterly unable to depict a man, or anything like a man. The hero, after his rescue, took the beautiful and impressive name of Friend Perditus. Apparently with his memory he also lost control over his emotions. He is exactly like a very hysterical woman. He goes squealing through the two volumes. He pants, gasps, screams, sobs, writhes; he shouts with surprise in a barber's shop; he falls on the floor with freedom and variety. But it cannot be denied that he had misfortunes. He was compelled to welcome as his mother a woman with blue-black hair, a strongly defined moustache, purple lips, brutal jaw, corpse-like face, and occasionally a lurid red gleam in her eyes—a woman who used cosmetics, drank, and was generally violent. And this was only one of his misfortunes. However, all comes right in the end, with the rightness of the true melodrama. At present it does not seem that the author of "Friend Perditus" can write a story; but she can imagine one, and the rest may follow. We have reviewed many better books which were far less promising. An average sense of humour would have preserved her from some of the worst faults in this book.

In its curious mixture of the religious and the melodramatic, "Bellerue" reminds us to some extent of the work of Dr. Macdonald. But it has not his skill, his intensity; or his pathos. We do not think that the religious element was introduced in order to make the melodramatic part of the book more palatable; the author's convictions are obviously deep and sincere. The story deals with a commonplace murder, of which—curiously enough—the wrong man is suspected. It follows lines which are familiar to us. The reader says to himself that either A or B must have committed the murder. It is proved that it was not A. "Then," says the reader, "it must have been B." Of course it is either C or a suicide. But, although the main lines of the story are familiar enough, its development shows considerable ingenuity, and, as we have already pointed out, it has the charm of variety. It is by no means wholly given up to excitement and horror; on the contrary, we hear something of the doings of sundry vestrymen, and one short sermon is reported in full. Of Rolf, the hero, we see very little; we are told that in his youth he rode "wild horses and furious bulls," so he must have been a singularly bright and attractive boy.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

THE object which Mr. Hartland seeks to accomplish in "The Science of Fairy Tales" is to make the general reader acquainted—in the broad sense of the term—with the principles and methods which are called into play in the investigation of popular legends and traditions. The province of folk-lore, according to Mr. Hartland, is to make it clear that the myths of widely scattered nations follow one general law and display common characteristics. He contends that the strange stories and impossible beliefs which are found embedded in the civilisation of even the most cultivated races only cease to be mysterious when they are regarded as relics of the phases through which those nations have passed on their way to their present position of moral and intellectual supremacy. He does not go so far as to assert that the status of savagery was the primitive condition of mankind, though he admits that that may have been the case. The bulk of the book is occupied with a critical examination of the more remarkable of the fairy tales and traditions of the Celtic and Teutonic races, and the work, as a whole, is an interesting and suggestive contribution—based on wide research and marked by independent thought—to the rapidly increasing literature of fairy mythology.

To the "Pitt Press" Series, Milton's *Arcades* and *Comus* and Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" have just been added. Both volumes are provided with a biographical sketch, a critical introduction, and copious notes. The dates of the earlier poems of Milton are not all certain, but Mr. Verity thinks that those included in the present text-book were composed at Horton, before 1638. *Arcades* was first printed in the edition of his poems issued by Milton in 1645. Mr. Verity inclines to the view that it was written in 1633, a year in which it is believed that the poet was busy over *Comus*, a masque which was first performed at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas night in the following year. Apart from its dramatic value, and the ethical and literary qualities which distinguish it, *Comus* is interesting because, as in a mirror, it presents Milton's views on the moral crisis through which English society was passing at the period of its inception. Mr. Verity thinks that when *Comus* is regarded simply as a drama, and without any reference to the beauty of the lyrics which it contains, or the moral elevation of its philosophic and serious passages, it is superior to nine-tenths of the masque literature of the seventeenth century. None of Sir Philip Sidney's works were printed in his lifetime; but Mr. Shuckburgh in the present volume gives the text of the first edition of the "Apologie," which was in 1595, and collates it with six other editions of the work. Most of the editors of the "Apologie for Poetrie" have based their criticisms on the text of the edition of 1593, into which a good many printer's errors had crept, which were duly repeated in subsequent issues. Mr. Shuckburgh gives many instances of these absurd blunders, and, in our judgment, proves conclusively that the only trustworthy text of the "Apologie" is that which was printed by Henry Olney in 1595 and reprinted by Mr. Arber in 1863. The notes which are appended are clear and well chosen, and the illustrations which they contain, have, in the majority of instances, been gathered from writers contemporary with Sidney. Gosson's "School of Abuse" is likely to be remembered not for its own merit, but for the beauty and vigour of the Apologie which was called forth by its strictures.

We do not pretend to have examined at all closely "Cassell's English Dictionary;" but we have submitted the work to certain rough-and-ready tests—some of which were searching rather than superficial—and the result in nearly every case has been satisfactory. For all practical purposes the book is what it professes to be, "complete and comprehensive;" and as a number of technical terms, archaic words, colloquial expressions, and American phrases are included amongst its ninety thousand definitions, it is sure to receive a wide and hearty welcome. By the introduction into the text of a number of symbols and abbreviations, space has been economised, and no one is likely to look askance at the volume on the score of its size. As to the system of arrangement, that is perhaps best indicated in the editor's own statement:—"In the case of a word which is both a verb and substantive (as fire) the

form which came first into the language is printed in black type and first treated, the different technical, figurative, or colloquial meanings being marked off by symbols. Then follow phrases and compounds in which this first form occurs. After these comes the second form, with its meanings differentiated if necessary, and then the phrases and compounds in which it occurs." It only remains to be said that we could, however, have spared a few of the "colloquialisms" and other pearls of provincial speech. Moreover, some of the slang phrases of transatlantic origin are apt—like sour grapes—to set a fastidious reader's teeth on edge.

A third edition of Mr. P. W. Clayden's slightly cynical, but undeniably vigorous, account of "England under Lord Beaconsfield" has just been published in one volume. The book describes, in a clear and incisive manner, the course of political events from the close of 1873 to the fall of the Tory Ministry in the spring of 1880. Mr. Clayden has written a new preface, in which he makes a clever rejoinder to Mr. Lang's rather lame defence of Sir Stafford Northcote's financial policy. He maintains that nothing which Mr. Lang has to say alters the fact that Sir Stafford "frittered away the great fiscal opportunity" which was afforded him in 1874 by the magnificent surplus of £6,000,000. Afterwards, when Lord Beaconsfield's theatrical foreign policy drove a distinctly sober-minded Chancellor of the Exchequer to his wits' end, Mr. Clayden agrees with Mr. Lang in thinking that Sir Stafford did the best that was possible under the circumstances. This admission, however, does not alter his first contention that the earlier Budgets of the Beaconsfield Administration were weak and pitiful exhibitions of a lack of courage and resource.

A comparison has just been instituted between "Methodism and the Church of England," by a bland and plausible "Layman," who, however, has mastered, to a degree which a curate might envy, the style hortatory. An examination of the volume proves to us that the writer of it is more slenderly equipped for his self-imposed task than he himself imagines, and the Methodists who are likely to return to the Church of England by the arguments and appeals set forth with inviting complacency in these pages would not inflict by such a step a serious loss on their own denomination. One strong bond of union amongst Dissenters, we are assured, is a "furious hatred of the Church," though it is only fair to add that "Layman" states that he is quite aware that this feeling is too often returned. Calvin and Wesley have been great sinners, it seems, against Christian unity, though both of them, in the course of the book, come in for some adroit compliments. The Wesleyans are calmly assured that it is their plain duty to rejoin the Established Church, and the spirit of prophecy descends upon the "Layman," and prompts him to predict that by so doing they will become happier and better men. Amongst Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists the "ingrained teaching of generations" has produced such an impression that even "a Layman" hesitates to lay the flattering unction to his soul that they will retrace their "erring steps." The Wesleyans, however, are not past praying for; indeed, they are "even now prepared to return" to the true fold, and this curious appeal is, of course, meant to hasten the process. It is precisely the sort of argument to defeat its own purpose, and we should not be in the least degree surprised to learn that many Wesleyans arose from its perusal fully persuaded—to join the Liberation Society.

Mr. Graham Everitt, in "Guillotine the Great," has written a quite superfluous book. He has chosen a ghastly theme, and we cannot imagine that any class of readers—unless it be the people who visit the Chambers of Horrors at wax-works exhibitions—are likely to appreciate the morbid compilation. During the Reign of Terror, Dr. Guillotin's "machine" was, as all the world knows, continually in evidence, and in these pages—they are appropriately bound in red—more or less satisfactory descriptions will be found of some of its victims. For the most part, however, it is a twice-told as well as repulsive story; nor is there anything in the manner of its present telling to disguise its triteness. The episodes which Mr. Everitt has selected belong, not merely to the period of the Terror, but also to that of the Directory and the Consulate. In our opinion, there was not the least need for the appearance of this dismal record.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE article which we publish on another page from the pen of SIR CHARLES DILKE, on the present position of the Newfoundland Fisheries Question, will be read with the interest which the writer's thorough knowledge of the subject of which he treats must inspire. It was in THE SPEAKER more than twelve months ago that attention was first called in the English Press to the fact that our Foreign Office was face to face with a problem of the very gravest character, involving either a possible loss of one of our oldest Colonies or a rupture with France. The events of the past few weeks have afforded startling proof of the accuracy of this forecast—ridiculed though it was at the time by political quidnuncs. Without following SIR CHARLES DILKE in his singularly able discussion of the recent action of the Government, we would simply call the attention of our readers to his last word on the subject. The key to this difficulty in the regulation of our foreign affairs is the key to many other difficulties which are pressing, more or less heavily, upon us—Egypt. The public will do well to realise this fact, and to see for itself what is the price we have to pay, all round the world, for keeping the British flag flying at Cairo. That the position in Newfoundland is daily becoming more serious, all the intelligence we receive goes to prove. The position of the English Government is one of grave difficulty, and we are far from desiring that party capital should be made by the Opposition out of anxieties which affect not the Ministry alone, but the nation as a whole. At the same time the more closely the recent action of LORD SALISBURY is scrutinised, the more dangerous will be seen to have been the course he has pursued.

THE week's record of Parliament has been void of colour, save for a smart piece of improvisation by MR. JESSE COLLINGS, who happened to be speaking when the news of the Aston return came in, and thereon treated the House to a strain of amusing equivocation. The most important incidents have been MR. SMITH's engagement to postpone the Bill for carrying out the so-called *modus vivendi* with France in Newfoundland until April 10th, coupled with a very distinct hint that the Government meant to enforce the treaty rights of France, whatever Newfoundland might say or do—a decision which neutralises SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY'S mission beforehand, and maintains the direct antagonism between the Imperial power and the Newfoundland Legislature. With regard to the dispute between the Post Office and the Messenger Companies, MR. RAIKES has somewhat lowered his tone. He has promised to take the case into the Courts after Easter, but the public will reasonably inquire why he suppressed first and went to law afterwards.

THE only private motion of interest is the revival, by MR. HARRY LAWSON, of his motion for the opening of national museums and galleries on Sunday, which was met, as usual, with a variety of inconsistent objections—the increase of the work of State servants, the Sabbatical theory, and the fear of our friend the Continental Sunday. None of them, of course, apply to MR. LAWSON'S plea. Even if the Christian Sunday were identical with the Jewish Sabbath, it has never been kept as such. No increase of work is necessary, but only a small

increase of staff, and the one practical effect of the motion would be to bring the art and historical treasures of London up to the level of accessibility of those of Liverpool and Birmingham. Yet only thirty-nine members of the House of Commons could be found to vote for it.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the result of the Aston Manor election, which was undoubtedly a grievous disappointment for the Liberals. No doubt the crushing defeat sustained by MR. BEALE was due in part to the fact that at Birmingham Liberalism is practically unrepresented in the press. MR. CHAMBERLAIN and the Tories between them command nearly the whole of the recognised organs of public opinion; and anybody who is not prepared to follow either MR. CHAMBERLAIN or LORD SALISBURY has a bad time of it in Birmingham. But though the Aston Manor result was a severe disappointment, no Liberal need be discouraged by it. The local circumstances of the constituency are so peculiar that nothing which happens there can be regarded as a fair indication of the drift of public opinion throughout the country. Unpleasant as matters unquestionably are for the Liberals in Birmingham and its suburbs, there is ample evidence that elsewhere the tide continues to run strongly in their favour. All the news, too, from Ireland is encouraging. That MR. PARNELL is hopelessly beaten is now the universal opinion; and with his defeat we need hardly say that one grave difficulty in the way of the Liberal party will be removed.

MR. PARNELL has made a mistake which of itself should be sufficient to put an end to his political career. Having in bragging language challenged his colleague in the representation of Cork, MR. MAURICE HEALY, to resign his seat, accompanying the challenge by a promise to do the same thing, he has now in a cowardly and disingenuous manner sought to escape from the consequences of his own action. MR. HEALY has accepted his pledge, and now MR. PARNELL refuses to carry it out. This is the plain truth about the present position of affairs, and it is not surprising that in consequence MR. PARNELL finds himself the laughing-stock of all political parties. His position is not improved by the ridiculous attempts of his allies in the press to defend his retreat from his own challenges. The truth is now becoming apparent in all quarters that the supremacy of the Member for Cork in Ireland is at an end, and that his complete disappearance from the political stage may be expected at no distant date.

THE brutal outrage of which MR. TIMOTHY HEALY was the victim at Cork on Monday is already being quoted as proof of the incapacity of the Irish people for self-government. We cannot look at the event in this light. Unfortunately no political party in the United Kingdom is absolutely free from the taint of ruffianism. Even the clergy of the Church of England have black sheep among their number; and if the argument which is now being used to demonstrate the unfitness of Irishmen to govern themselves were to be applied to England, it is to be feared that our claim to the rights of citizenship would be emphatically disallowed. But though we cannot make the whole Irish people responsible for an act of cowardly brutality on the part of a ruffian like the man DALTON, we must

protest against the attempts which are being made to minimise this person's criminality. The *Times* is ill-advised enough to declare that the outrage on MR. HEALY "much resembles" that inflicted on MR. PARNELL at Kilkenny. Why cannot our contemporary practise the virtue of accuracy even in small things? The assault on MR. PARNELL was confined to the flinging of a handful of mud, some of which unhappily struck him on the eye, though fortunately without causing him any permanent injury. In the case of MR. HEALY, his assailant forced himself into a room where he was, extinguished the light, and then made a most deliberate and cruel attack upon him. It is ridiculous to compare the two offences.

UNLUCKY MR. RAIKES has been the best-abused man of the week. Since we have already had occasion to speak of the manner in which MR. RAIKES discharges his duties as Chief of the Post Office, there is no occasion to say that we do not account him blameless in the present crisis. But at the same time it is not to be denied that he is being somewhat hardly used by an outraged public. In endeavouring to maintain the monopoly of the Post Office, he is clearly doing his duty. Indeed, he would be open to severe censure if he failed to take this course. Unfortunately for him, it is evident that the Department is not prepared at the present moment to carry on the kind of work which is now successfully done by the Boy Messenger Company and some similar bodies. A mere deliverance on the question of law will not, therefore, settle the matter. If the Post Office refuses to allow a private company to serve the public in a certain way, because in so doing it is infringing the monopoly of the Department, we have a right to insist that the Postmaster-General should himself carry on the work of the Company on the same terms and conditions. Until he is prepared to do this, he will, if he be a wise man, abstain from any interference with his private rivals.

WE have unwittingly hurt the feelings of a friendly correspondent in North Britain, by speaking in a recent article of the "English flag" and the "Queen of England." We certainly had no intention of playing the part of Cockney scribe in using these convenient, expressive, and distinctly intelligible phrases. That they are not literally accurate—or, rather, that they do not include a full description of our flag and our Sovereign—we freely admit. But then what would be the really accurate and comprehensive description? British, we know, is the favourite word with our Scotch fellow-countrymen; but even British has but a limited significance. "The meteor flag of England"—it was a Scotchman who wrote those words—is the flag of the United Kingdom as a whole, not of Great Britain alone; and the full titles of the Queen are so long that we must refer our readers to the pages of BURKE for a full enumeration of them. We understand and sympathise with the jealous care with which North Britons watch over the rights of their favoured land; but we hope that they will not be too severe upon the writer or speaker who occasionally adopts a phrase which, if not absolutely accurate, is at all events distinctly convenient.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, speaking at the annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, has expressed a very distinct opinion against the issue of £1 notes. We imagine that this is the opinion generally held by "practical men" as opposed to monetary theorists. It is certainly the opinion which at present finds favour with the general public. The nuisance and the risks of a paper circulation of small value are obvious to everybody who has the handling of money in considerable quantities, whilst the advantages which it offers are, to say the least, not so clearly perceptible. It will be interesting

to see whether, in this matter, MR. GOSCHEN will have the courage to stick to his guns. At present all that can be said is that the attacks upon his whole system of finance have merely commenced. When the assault on the citadel of Downing Street is made—as it will be by-and-by—in full force, it will be strange if irreparable damage be not done to the reputation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a sound financier. MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE's letter in the *Times* of Tuesday put one side of the case against MR. GOSCHEN with force and clearness. But there are many other vulnerable points in his armour, besides that indicated by MR. LEFEVRE.

OWING to the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Monday morning and ended on Wednesday afternoon, and to the preparations for the holidays, short loans have been in pretty brisk demand this week at from  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; but the rate of discount in the open market has declined. Nominally it is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., but business has been done considerably below that. Next month there is likely to be a further fall, for speculation is at a standstill, trade has been checked, and bills consequently are very scarce. It is possible, however, that a large foreign demand for gold may spring up, as money is now becoming cheaper in London than upon the Continent. If that should take place, the fall in rates would be checked; otherwise as soon as the interest on the National Debt is paid there will inevitably be a decline, and the market will continue very easy for a month or more perhaps. The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 44½d. per ounce. There is a large accumulation of the metal in New York; the speculators there are embarrassed, and the Indian demand is unusually small for this time of the year. On the other hand, strenuous efforts are being made by those interested to support the market. Apparently combinations are being formed in New York to assist the embarrassed speculators, and here in London the decision of the Produce Clearing House to guarantee future dealings in silver, and to store the metal, is expected to lead to a considerable speculation. Whether the expectation will be realised depends upon the course of events in the United States; and as the agitation for further legislation still continues there, it is hardly probable that much rise can take place.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been almost completely suspended this week. The conversion of MESSRS. MURIETTA'S business into a joint-stock company has inspired the belief that we shall not now have very serious failures; and the success of the Argentine Government in supporting the National and Provincial Banks leads to the hope that business in Argentina may gradually recover. Still, the condition of all the South American countries is most serious. In the Argentine Republic more particularly, the whole of the provinces and municipalities are bankrupt and so are the State Banks. It is impossible to see what may happen, and at the very best a real recovery cannot be hoped for for years to come. Uruguay is in nearly as bad a plight as the Argentine Republic. There seems no chance of an early termination of the civil war in Chili. And speculation in Brazil is passing all bounds. In France, again, it is known that several of the Joint-stock Banks are seriously embarrassed, and there are fears that there may be a crisis in Germany; while the financial condition of the United States is also very unsatisfactory. Everyone, therefore, is limiting his risks as much as possible; speculation has ceased, and even investment is on a small scale. This week the unwillingness to engage in new business has been increased by the fact that the Stock Exchange will be closed from Thursday evening until Tuesday morning. But though there is so little doing, prices have been fairly well maintained.



## THE DYING PARLIAMENT.

**A** BREATHING-SPACE has been granted to Parliament, and we are able to take stock of the political situation more accurately than we can do whilst the work of legislation is in actual progress. Seldom has the political situation been more interesting than it is at the present moment; and yet seldom have its conditions been more complicated and puzzling, even to the most skilled of Parliamentary meteorologists. The supporters of the Government have gone off for the Easter recess, flushed with delight over the victory at Aston Manor. Nor can any reasonable being find fault with them because of this exultation. They have at last broken the long record of misfortunes by achieving a triumph about which there cannot be any possibility of doubt. They have not won a seat, it is true; but they have amply vindicated their claim to the unbroken allegiance of Birmingham and its suburbs. To what particular cause they are indebted for a triumph the magnitude of which has surprised even themselves, it were perhaps bootless to inquire. On one point, however, it would be distinctly ungenerous to withhold our opinion. Nobody has so good a right to rejoice over the Tory majority at Aston as Mr. Chamberlain. For in that majority is to be found fresh proof of the completeness of his ascendancy over his own townsmen and personal acquaintances. As an individual triumph for Mr. Chamberlain the Aston election is therefore an event of signal importance. It must not be forgotten, however, that personal triumphs of this kind are often quite devoid of political significance. Mr. Roebuck could carry Sheffield with him when he changed his political opinions; but that did not mean that the rest of the West Riding had become less Liberal than it was before. Mr. Cowen, when the idol of the Jingo, held his seat with ease at Newcastle, and yet the whole Tyne valley was violently anti-Jingo. Mr. Chamberlain may, and apparently does, reign in Birmingham; and yet it by no means follows that outside Birmingham he can control a dozen votes, or turn the election in a single constituency. Whilst, therefore, we cannot begrudge the Ministerialists their shout of joy over the victory at Aston Manor, we are by no means inclined to regard it as a political portent of importance.

But the Tories, and their friends who still claim the right to sit on the Liberal benches, are by no means the only persons who have gone off to enjoy their holidays in high delight. The teetotalers can claim to have won a real triumph, which, in the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, we imagine, must outweigh a score of defeats like that at Aston. The carrying of the second reading of the Welsh Local Option Bill was in itself a measure of great importance; whilst the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of *Sharpe versus Wakefield* will seem to those temperance reformers who are bent upon applying practical remedies to the greatest of our social evils, a victory which surpasses even the carrying of a Local Option Bill. The temperance party has, therefore, every reason to be satisfied with itself at this particular juncture. If such forward steps in the good work can be taken at a time when the Government citadel is in the hands of the enemy, what may not be done in the near future, when a Ministry after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart is installed upon the Treasury Bench? Nothing is more remarkable, indeed, than the way in which measures that are commonly associated with Liberal ideas have been advancing in Parliament and in public opinion during the last few months. On the social questions, for example, we have seen triumph after triumph gained by those who are anxious to force

some of the great problems of our social life upon the attention of Parliament. With a Royal Commission about to sit to inquire into the question of hours of labour, with rival schemes dealing with water supply, factory acts, and many other social needs coming from both political parties, the social reformers have every reason to feel satisfied with their position at this moment. Some of them, indeed, may fall into the error of imagining that nothing better is to be desired than the continuance of the existing state of things, seeing that great Liberal questions are advancing more rapidly at this moment than they did when a Liberal Government was last in office.

Herein, however, lies a fatal blunder. The present House of Commons has fallen into a state of decay, and the very quickness of its movements in certain directions, so far from being evidence of its life and energy, is but a proof of its moribund condition. If there is one fact clearer than any other to the political observer, it is that all the stamina, mental and moral, has departed from the present House of Commons. It is now only waiting for the hour of its release, and the movements which to the careless eye seem to indicate its superabundant vitality, are but the convulsions of a body wherein the muscular system is no longer under the complete control of the will. Within the House this fact is recognised all but universally. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the doctrine preached by the majority of our legislators. "Why should we trouble ourselves about questions of principle, when we have before us an event which must certainly terminate the existence of this Parliament, and which will probably bring us face to face with a new order of things? Why, in these circumstances, should we hesitate to pass Local Option Bills, to call for inquiry into the eight hours question, and to submit to the pressure of the faddists, whose persistent life and energy the age of Parliament apparently does not affect?" This is the reasoning which is now common in the House of Commons, and it explains many things which have happened of late. There is nothing unusual or unnatural in the present condition of affairs. This Parliament has lived fast; but even if it had not done so, five years of life would have sufficed to drain away the greater part of its energies. Every man in it is now thinking not so much of his Parliamentary duties as of the next election. This is inevitable, and we have no right to complain, because Members of Parliament are only human like ourselves. But what is the obvious duty of a Government when matters have reached this stage? To cling to office to the last moment, content to galvanise its majority into spasmodic action whenever it is absolutely necessary to pass a measure and repel an attack by the Opposition? or to take steps to bring about that early appeal to the country which alone can restore its lost vigour to the House of Commons, and make it once more equal to its task? The question has only to be put in order to be answered. And although we acknowledge the strength of the temptation which always besets men who are in actual possession of power to cling to their safe tenure as long as possible, yet we have sufficient faith in the average conscientiousness of all men—Tories as well as Liberals—and a sufficient knowledge of the rapidity with which the process of decay, when it has once set in, is carried on in a legislative body, to feel assured that Ministers will not listen to those who clamour for the full lease of the Septennial Act, but will take a very early opportunity of transferring the burden of responsibility from the shoulders of an exhausted Parliament to those of the nation at large. We shall not be sorry if the Aston victory should tempt them to take this step even sooner than they had intended.

## MR. PARNELL'S COURAGE.

THE most candid critic of Mr. Parnell's latest exploit is one of those delegates who have gone to America to impress their countrymen there with the indomitable energy and undaunted spirit of their leader. These are Mr. Parnell's campaign virtues. If the smallest shadow of a doubt falls upon them, if the injurious suspicion gets abroad that the hero of Committee-Room Number Fifteen, and of the crowbar brigade who broke into the offices of *United Ireland*, is showing the white feather, then Mr. O'Kelly and his colleagues may as well come back. That is why Mr. O'Kelly, with a bluntness which is not practised in the Parnellite camp at home, stigmatised Mr. Parnell's challenge to Mr. Maurice Healy as a blunder. A pitched battle in the city of Cork could not, argued the excellent O'Kelly, settle the question of the national leadership. Perhaps not; but Mr. O'Kelly has seen something of war, and he knows that a pitched battle sometimes decides the fate of a commander, though the struggle may be for a while prolonged. Even worse than downright defeat is the haughty challenge which is followed by the craven shuffle, the sudden fall from the lofty daring of Bombastes to the pacific petition of Bob Acres. "A long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!" said Mr. Acres. Mr. Parnell improves upon this by proposing that Mr. Maurice Healy shall put himself up as a target; if Mr. Parnell can hit him, that will be eminently satisfactory; if not, Mr. Parnell will run away. That is the plain meaning of the amended challenge. In the first instance, Mr. Parnell was willing to go to his constituents "to-morrow" if his colleague in the representation of Cork would do the same. When Mr. Healy accepted this proposal with alacrity, and requested the challenger to name the day, Mr. Parnell became pensive, and his friends were seriously alarmed. It mattered little to him, perhaps, that he was publicly disgraced. The experience was not new, and the undaunted leader had already shown his capacity for ignoring imputations on his character. In a few days he might have announced that to demand the literal fulfilment of his word was to hit "below the belt." But this view was too exalted for the Parnellites in Cork. They implored their idol to make some concession to the vulgar prejudice in favour of fair fighting. Mr. Parnell had hung up his boots like Bombastes, and dared Mr. Healy to displace them. Displaced they unquestionably were, and it would never do for the Parnellite king to go bootless as well as uncrowned, and pretend that his dignity was unimpaired.

So the challenge was amended, doubtless to the unutterable disgust of Mr. O'Kelly, who knows it will be impossible to persuade the fire-eaters of Chicago that Mr. Parnell has not shirked the issue raised by himself. First, there was the plea that Mr. Maurice Healy was very impertinent. He had dared to address words of contumely to the great exemplar of courtesy who called him a "gutter-sparrow." Then it was discovered that to expect Mr. Parnell to fight at once was most unfair, for was it not notorious that Mr. Healy would manipulate the Tory vote in Cork, nay, that his emissaries were already coquetting with the Government? This felicitous invention must be very interesting to the Cork Unionists, who are urged by the *Times* to rise in their hundreds and plant the flag of the Union at the head of the poll, a commendation which, considering that the Home Rulers, even when divided, should leave any Unionist candidate at least a thousand behind, seems sufficiently remote. But the most exquisite shift of all is provided by the fertile ingenuity of the

man whose tenacity and resource the Tories have been admiring for months. Mr. Parnell will have nothing to say to Mr. Healy, whose "untruthful statements" have scandalised the author of a certain manifesto. But when Mr. Healy has "gone to his constituents," Mr. Parnell will face an election. It is a beautiful device, especially as it is accompanied by the brave flourish of sending to Colonel Nolan Mr. Parnell's application for the Chiltern Hundreds. The gallant colonel has the application in his pocket, and there it is likely to remain. Mr. Maurice Healy's application is in Sir Thomas Esmonde's possession, to be presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer concurrently with Mr. Parnell's. Face to face with his own conditions, Mr. Parnell will not fight. He is on his chosen ground. He has boasted of the loyalty of "Rebel Cork" to his cause. Elsewhere, he is opposed by the priests, and his partisans are aghast at clerical intimidation. But nobody pretends that the clergy have an overwhelming influence in Cork. There, if anywhere, Mr. Parnell may count on the remnant of Fenianism to support him, supposing that the Fenians are moved by the fitful violence of his random rhetoric. But since he threw down the challenge which amazed Mr. O'Kelly he has reflected that to hold his own in the city of Cork would not be a decisive triumph, while to lose it might mean ruin.

It may be that the consequences of Mr. Parnell's blunder will force him to fight after all. It is impossible to maintain even a shred of his personal prestige unless he can restore faith in his courage. Curiously enough, Mr. Parnell has given another proof of his occasional lack of nerve. No doubt all his friends expected him to make a fierce retort to Mr. Gladstone's emphatic declaration at Hastings, that the Liberal party would risk any misfortune rather than make such a man constitutional governor of Ireland. With unlooked-for modesty, Mr. Parnell replied that he never had any ambition to serve under the Crown in an Irish Parliament. His inclinations pointed elsewhere, he said, but his followers must be quite bewildered by this sign-post. As they have not been taught to regard their leader as a sort of Cincinnatus who, after restoring the legislative freedom of his country, would bury his mind in the quarries of Wicklow, they may be excused for a deepening discouragement over this enigmatical humility. Mr. Parnell may be speaking the resolve he has cherished for years, but does it not look painfully like submission to English dictation? After Mr. Gladstone's letter, Mr. Parnell vehemently denounced the attempt of an English statesman to dismiss the Irish leader at a moment's notice. But when Mr. Gladstone reiterated in the plainest language his resolution not to acknowledge Mr. Parnell's claim to shape the destinies of Ireland, that champion announced that he never wished to be anything but a disinterested spectator of the labours of an Irish Parliament. Poor Mr. O'Kelly may well be dejected. What is the use of proclaiming on American platforms that Charles Stewart Parnell is the only leader of the Irish race, when their prodigy is meekly disclaiming any desire to direct the affairs of Ireland under a new Constitution? The Nationalists are anxious not only to achieve Home Rule, but also to bear its responsibilities. They show a higher public spirit than their antagonist, who is a stumbling-block professing an unselfish inspiration, a paladin who is afraid to fight in the open. Mr. Parnell has staked everything on a personal supremacy which he is rapidly destroying. No one has set this fact more clearly before the public than Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose speech on Wednesday is in many respects the wisest deliverance we have yet had on the Parnell controversy.



## BUNG IN EXTREMIS.

WE have heard the last of compensation for the licensed victualler. The House of Lords has for ever settled that question. "*Sharpe v. Wakefield*" has finally decided that a licence is merely what it on the face of it purports to be—a licence only for a year—and that the justices may treat renewals exactly as they treat original applications, that is, look at the whole circumstances, and especially the wants of the particular district; and grant or refuse the application on the merits. Among lawyers the question in dispute never raised any doubts. The ambiguity, if any there was, in the Licensing Acts, was one of a very common kind; it arose from the use of that slipshod, slovenly English to be found most often in Acts of Parliament; the word "personal" was used as it is only in the high official style of those who sneer at newspaper English. To be sure, the Lord Chancellor, anxious to let the publicans down gently, threw out the suggestion that probably the justices would view with different eyes the two classes of applications, and that in the case of renewals they "would limit the inquiry to the conduct of the house and the character of the licensee, and perhaps the condition of the house." But for such a restriction there is no ground in the Licensing Acts, and Lord Herschell was careful to say that he did not, as to this point, agree with Lord Halsbury. The decision does not cover, unfortunately, licences to consume beer, wine, and cider off the premises, or the renewals of licences to consume them on the premises in the case of houses licensed before May, 1869. That is one of the many blots on our licensing system. Beer-shops, the fruitful source of intemperance of the most degraded and besotted kind, have been the pampered favourites of the Legislature, which for a long time left it to the Excise to say how many of them should be licensed. Upon overwhelming evidence of the mischievous effects of this system, a change was made in 1869; the power of creating an indefinite number of beer-houses was slightly curtailed. But Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, in his measure of that year, thought fit to keep up a distinction between such premises and other licensed houses, and to say that the justices should not refuse to renew a licence for a beer-shop in force on the 1st of May, 1869, except for certain specified causes; and the Courts have done their utmost to fetter still further the discretion of the justices. "*Sharpe v. Wakefield*" consequently does not affect many beer-shops. Nevertheless, it is a veritable Sedan for the licensed victualler and his friends. The frothy rhetoric of the "trade" about vested rights becomes altogether flat when it is known that a licensed victualler is under a running notice to quit. Not only are "licensing clauses" of the stamp of Mr. Ritchie's for ever again impossible, but the whole problem of reducing "the great industry" to reasonable dimensions becomes easier through this decision.

Not that we expect the justices will, in the districts where public-houses swarm, freely use their power. The notion that the case for local option is in any way weakened by the recognition of the power of the licensing bench is too puerile to be advocated elsewhere than in the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*. Men with strong ideas as to temperance are to be found in the commission; but usually they sit beside violent opponents; and over the lukewarm or neutral members the well-trained organisation of "the trade" has generally influence. Even when well-meaning people petition against the granting or renewal of a licence, they are pretty sure to be beaten by the conspiracy of interests arrayed by the

"great industry." We have not much hope that the justices will boldly use their powers. But the temperance party ought not to let them forget that each year they start afresh, and that they must determine the total number of licences to be granted with reference to the actual condition of things at the Brewster Sessions.

The "unpaid" must, in the best of circumstances, be a poor substitute for local option or the *referendum*. They are often out of touch with local opinion; it is notorious that the appointments when not made in a haphazard fashion often avowedly proceed upon party lines. But the decision has the merit of bringing home to people the fact that since 1828 at all events the Legislature has decided that licences are to be granted and renewed with reference to the circumstances of the neighbourhood. The house of a licensed victualler is not to be opened except when the district requires it. It is to be closed when the need no longer exists. The magistrates may cut down the number from fifty to five if they honestly believe, on looking into the facts, that the latter number is sufficient. What is this but saying, "You must study the condition of the district before deciding whether a licence is to be granted; you must see what the people really want"? The only defect in this legislation was the supposition that the justices could know the requirements of the people so well as the people themselves.

More than one of the law lords who gave judgment in favour of the respondent and against the claim to vested rights, and notably the Lord Chancellor, spoke almost with enthusiasm of their confidence in the discretion of the licensing bench. We do not share that feeling; but if it be just, what reason is there for the distinction between beer-shops and other premises at which intoxicating liquors are sold? When the measure of 1869, which sanctioned that distinction, was before Parliament, a mass of evidence was produced to show that the former were especially responsible for crime and debauchery, and that, in the words of Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, the system of 1830, that under which so many beer-shops were opened, "has covered the country with a class of public-houses which has tended to private drunkenness, crime, and profligacy." Things have not much improved; the low beer-shops possessed of vested interests, all acquainted with the habits of the poor will tell you, are the centres of degradation, the cancerous spots upon many a community otherwise healthy. Why should the justices not be free to deal with them as they may with other licensed houses, which are less injurious, and in which more capital is invested?

To the friends of temperance it is encouraging to note the mood in which the decision in "*Sharpe v. Wakefield*" is received by the liquor press—not the imbecile part of it which believes that all will yet be as it once was, and the "trade" saved if only Government would say that no spirits under three years in bond should be sold—but that which expresses the opinions of the sagacious leaders of the licensed victuallers. They speak almost with terror of the effects of the proclamation of a doctrine which they have always combated. The publican is in *extremis*, and he knows it. There is a liquor trade literature and a liquor trade oratory. Once it was bold and haughty, prompt to show that the cause of beer was one with all the high, venerable interests of the country, and that religion itself was not safe if the blaspheming abstainer were not kept down. That loud literature and full-fed oratory have of late become much chastened. The publican now pleads extenuating circumstances. He is trying to make terms, and from the tone of the trade comments on "*Sharpe v. Wakefield*" it is plain

that he despairs of the support of his former friends. He well knows that when the Liberal Party returns to power it will find the path of social reforms cleared and widened by this decision. What can the publican say for himself when he can no longer speak of vested interests?

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BOY MESSENGERS.

WE see no objection to the highly popular pastime of baiting Mr. Raikes. He is not a wise administrator, and in the matter of his quarrel with the Boy Messenger Companies he has shown how easy it is to get a reputation for vigour on the strength of one or two displays of sheer truculence. As it happens, Mr. Raikes's personality is linked to a department of the Civil Service which it is part of our birthright to abuse. The Post Office is quoted as an example of Socialism in practice; but an institution which grinds its workers down to the very lowest level of subsistence wage, acknowledged by Mr. Booth in his survey of East London labour, while it imposes an indirect tax on the public in the proportion of close on 40 per cent. of its expenditure, and is afraid of applying its own principles beyond the limits of the Three Kingdoms, is hardly entitled to pose as the accuser of private enterprise. It is scarcely the fact, as the very cogent defence of the General Post Office in the *Times* puts it, that "the receipts of the Post Office are not a tax, but a return for services rendered." That is true so far as the charge for all letters and stamps and telegrams merely covers the cost of producing them and maintaining the service to which we owe them; but beyond this every penny which goes into the Treasury purse from St. Martin's-le-Grand is a tax, and nothing but a tax. Naturally, therefore, when Mr. Raikes turns viciously on a particularly handy and clever device for saving what the busy man values most—time—and offers him a palpably insufficient substitute, the public side with the private capitalist against the public official. That is natural; but the controversy between the Postmaster-General and the Messenger Companies goes further than this. It has brought out a little Spencerian chorus (Professor Marshall unexpectedly joining in), singing a song of pure individualism.

Now, though Mr. Raikes may be wrong in some points in his quarrel with the boy messengers, it does not follow that the moral of it makes for the disciples of a teacher who would cheerfully hand over the Post Office and the Mint to private enterprise, while he would burden the State with the administration of every inch of the land. People who argue in this fashion appear to think, as Mr. D. G. Ritchie has lately pointed out in his work on State interference, that the State "ought to resemble an animal drunk or asleep, and the brain doing as little as possible." Or, to put it plainly, it is not clear that because the Post Office, under Mr. Raikes, who is in his turn under the Treasury, which is in its turn under a Tory Government, is for the time being hardly a model of tact, energy, and industrial vigilance, it has therefore forfeited the right to the monopoly which successive Parliaments, under very different social conditions, have granted it.

For what are the facts of the case? The two chief messenger companies have added to London life what we may call a very neat little service of luxury and convenience. While the Post Office has been equably ploughing up the economic soil all over the United Kingdom, they have been going in for the "intensive cultivation" of one very fruitful part of it. The "electric call" is an undoubted boon. It saves journeys to and from home, helps out the awful

problem of how an over-worked Londoner is to dress for dinner, increases the safety of property, and applies to London the aids to the swift despatch of business and pleasure which New York, that needs them far less, has already organised to perfection. Nor can it be pretended for a moment that Mr. Raikes's proposal to detach a portion of the ordinary Post Office staff for the functions which the boy messenger discharges at one's doors is to be compared with the private service. The latter goes to its customers; the former takes them to it, and then serves them very much at its leisure. But is there not another side to the question? It is easy to imagine that unless the two chief messenger companies had been kept in steady check by St. Martin's-le-Grand they would have seriously interfered with the letter-carrying powers which, after all, the people's Parliament have given the Post Office for the people's good. As it is, a good deal of custom is clearly lost to the Post Office, and some of the offices of the companies are in some of their functions hardly to be distinguished from district centres of the department over which Mr. Raikes presides.

No doubt some of the friends of the messenger companies argue that the monopoly is well lost. Professor Marshall tells us in the *Times* that the Post Office monopoly is its least defensible feature. But as no one outside the circle of the Liberty and Property Defence League proposes to do away with it, it is hard to see why Mr. Raikes is to be blamed for protecting it against such subtle and extremely plausible advances as those of the messenger companies. We forbid competition in telegraphs and check it in telephones; are we to admit it in letter-carrying? No doubt Mr. Raikes was ill-advised to stop a useful piece of enterprise until he was in a position to offer the public as good a thing as he took away from them. But even so, it is open to him to argue that we cannot eat our cake and have it, and that we must pay something for the great economies of production and distribution which the national control of the greatest of carrying services has brought about. The messenger services will give us a beautifully cheap and rapid service for a select class between South Kensington and Charing Cross. The question is—and it is a fair one in face of proposals which are nothing less than a suggestion that the Post Office should lose its privileges as the national letter-carrier—what would they do for Liskeard or the island of Lewis? Obviously they would think nothing about them for the next quarter of a century at least—possibly not at all. The Post Office, on the other hand, while doubtless it over-charges for the short distance, puts the whole kingdom, rich and poor, near and far, on an equality of treatment. Nor is it always true that the Post Office mismanages what private enterprise manages well. The Parcel Post is infinitely improved since it was taken from the railway companies, even in face of the heavy tribute they exact for their share in the transport. Why should it necessarily be otherwise with an express service? Mr. Raikes will, after all, go out with his precious Government, and even to-day he can be heckled out of his obstinacy and lack of inventiveness. There is no reason in the nature of things why a great country like this should not summon to its postal service every atom of inventive resource which lies at the command of a score of messenger companies. It has not done so at present; and that, as well as his autocratic tone and temper, and the refusal to compensate for the loss of a genuine bit of social ingenuity, is a proper ground of quarrel with Mr. Raikes. But to say, as some theorists have been saying or hinting, that to trust the nation to do its own postal service, and in



the end to do it thoroughly well, is to risk a return to the Dark Ages, argues a singular lack of faith in progress, and a needlessly poor conception of the nature of the modern State and of the forces that have upreared and will sustain it.

#### IRELAND A NATION.—I.

WHENEVER Lord Salisbury speaks on Irish affairs, it is, to adapt slightly the verse of Longfellow, in the "arrogant old ascendancy strain." Such language becomes a great English peer who looks on Irish Protestants as merely his garrison. He is careful to preserve towards Ireland that "ignorance of contumely" which Lord Clare, who could have given him some hints for coercion, ascribed to the Tory statesmen of his day, and which has by no means died out in ours. When, therefore, he announced at Cambridge, in his last public speech, that he and his Unionist friends intended to be looked upon as the "future founders of the Irish nation," it is not surprising that his audience cheered. But any "mere Irish" who happened to be present would most certainly have laughed. The vision of twin statues on College Green inscribed "Salisbury" and "Balfour" is exhilarating; still more so, if on their granite pedestals were carved those clauses of the "Coercion Act made Perpetual" which have hitherto constituted the chief claims of these distinguished Founders to Irish gratitude, and which, as the Premier cheerfully allows, are at present "deeply cursed," as they deserve to be.

But one thing is plain. Henceforth it can never be argued that "Ireland a Nation" is a Separatist or disloyal toast. What Lord Salisbury takes for granted, a Home Ruler may surely be permitted to assume, as in accordance with the British Constitution. True, the question remains how to reconcile the National with the Imperial idea. But a step forward has been gained when it is clearly understood on all sides that the Irish citizen who declines to sink his country to the level of a Yorkshire or a Lancashire aims neither at rebellion nor disruption, and may be at least as devoted to the British Empire as those Englishmen who glory in setting their "brethren of the North" in opposition to five-sevenths of the population around them, with whom they have no quarrel. Of course, it is not to be hoped that Lord Salisbury and those who think with him will recover from the delusion which weighs heavy upon their souls. Our Whig-Tory Premier was born out of due time. Like one who has stumbled out of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century, and is hardly yet awake, he reiterates his mischievous jargon about "religious animosity," "sinister domination," "anti-English bias," and other well-worn phrases of an earlier time, as though nothing had changed in Ireland or the world at large since the French Revolution. He stands for the great Whig and landlord interest, and he talks as if he were defending the Reformation against "Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh." He knows Ireland so little as actually to frighten his Cambridge hearers with a picture of the "ruthless heel" which has trampled upon Ulster for generations. In this view, Home Rule is nothing but the old-world quarrel of Catholic and Protestant; it is not a social problem, but a sectarian one. The restoration of a National Parliament in College Green would signify, according to the Premier, that Rome was about to set up a dictatorship over the island, while it would be likewise a first and fatal step towards Separation.

There are probably not a dozen men acquainted with Irish history, or with the character of the Irish

people, who do not know that this confused medley of reasoning is but a tissue of mistakes and prejudices. The enemy with which Lord Salisbury delights to grapple is a chimæra, a phantom of ignorance which would be dispelled if Mr. Gladstone's advice were followed, and politicians took resolutely to the study of the chronicles of a nation which they are not ashamed to govern in the dark. Liberal or Conservative, they have deemed it beneath them to know what Irishmen think or have thought about their own country, into what parties they have been divided, or in what relation the various groups of Nationalists have stood to one another. It may be hoped that Mr. Lecky's last two volumes will do something to scatter this enfolding mist. For, although Mr. Lecky stops short at the Union, and his distinctions are not as sharply pointed as they might have been, he proves manifestly that the clean-cut division between a Protestant Ireland which was only an English garrison, and a Catholic Ireland to which the clergy gave rules and over which they exercised absolute sway, is simply unhistorical. Grattan's Parliament does not justify the Union and all its consequences, merely because it admitted no Catholic representatives and had not been reformed. It was thoroughly Irish in spirit and essence, even while it upheld the British Empire at the cost of blood and treasure. The "men of the North," to whom Lord Salisbury appeals as his brethren, not only opposed the Union, but sent forth one Irish patriot after another, in a long and illustrious line which comes down to the present day. In like manner, the Roman Catholics, before O'Connell and since, have done much more than preach loyalty and toleration. They have practised both; and in times of peril have made no slight sacrifices to prove that, much as they desired a share in the benefits of a free Commonwealth, they had no thought of helping its enemies. The combination of these two ideas—the National and the Imperial—which Burke fully comprehended and Grattan maintained through a long and stormy life, has been familiar to thousands of Catholic Irishmen. It has a parentage and a descent not dating from yesterday. And those who cannot distinguish between the Nationalism of men like Alexander Sullivan and the Nationalism of John Mitchel—to say nothing of O'Donovan Rossa—would fail, though they sat on a Royal Commission, to discern on what grounds Locke could defend the Revolution of 1688, while Edmund Burke, his heir according to the spirit, condemned and denounced with tumultuous vehemence the Revolution of 1789.

For, since the days of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen there has been another ideal of nationality in conflict with that of Burke and Grattan. It has been called by those who dislike it the Jacobin view, and such in great measure it is. But its friends would prefer to think of it as the Creed of Democracy, which only by excess becomes Jacobin. It has taken every form, and is cosmopolitan and revolutionary. Hitherto, in effect if not in intention, it has been anti-religious. All the secret societies have known something of it. Fenianism notified to the world that it had planted itself in America, and was aiming on both sides of the Atlantic to overthrow British rule. The dynamite policy which it inaugurated betrayed its affinities with Nihilism. The "Invincibles" of Dublin felt its inspiration not obscurely. The "Clan-na-Gael" may be said to have inherited some of its methods. It is the Extreme Left of the Irish Revolution, and is part of a more general movement which, though it may begin by promoting nationalities, does not regard them as either final or perfect, but presses onward to the goal of Anarchy. Thus to the National idea, which we have already recognised, and to the Imperial cherished by

Grattan's disciples in conjunction with it, we must now add the Cosmopolitan.

All these appeal to a standard which is not self-interest. They have their martyrs and their enthusiasms. And it is obvious that they may come into collision; or, rather, that the Cosmopolitan Idea, when fully developed, is hostile to nations as to empires. Ireland, it will be observed, has kept more in touch with the Continent than would seem at first sight probable; and the current of French thought, especially, has been reflected in its literature and politics for quite a hundred years. It is this circumstance which makes reasoning like Lord Salisbury's at once absurd and dangerous. Irish troubles in the future are not at all likely to spring from the overweening preponderance of Catholic ecclesiastics. Much shrewder would be the prophecy which foresaw in a Parliament on College Green the battle-ground between Christian theories of property and education on the one side, and Jacobin or Cosmopolitan on the other. It was some foreboding of this possibility which made the late Cardinal Cullen suspicious even of the "Independent Opposition" that he did so much to ruin. The like fear has kept every Catholic Archbishop of Dublin aloof from the National movement until Dr. Walsh was chosen by the Home Rule clergy, and the choice insisted upon at the Vatican. To disentangle the Democratic from the Revolutionary scheme is a problem which the Roman Congregations have not yet solved. Hence there are still many priests who would not call themselves by party names, but who dread what the morrow may bring forth, when a great lay power in contact with American and French ideas has set up its seat in Dublin. For the rule of the clergy is fast coming to an end, even in the most Celtic districts of Ireland.

It may seem like a paradox, but undoubtedly there are to be found among the priests, no less than the Roman Catholic gentry, a certain section to whom the Tory Government appears to be defending not merely the union of the legislature, but the supremacy of the Christian creed, so little do they hold that with Home Rule will open a period of Catholic ascendancy. In the feelings of the most thoughtful, the present time is one of grave and anxious expectation, with which is mingled not so much a doubt or a fear, as a vague presentiment that possibly, after all, Ireland may follow the example of France, and adopt a secularist policy. Such things are not preached on the housetops. But in conversation they are more than whispered. No one dreams that the Irish Catholics will ever be made Protestant. The day of preaching and proselytising to that effect is gone, never to return. It is not the Reformation which will conquer Ireland. As for the Calvinism of the North, what Carlyle said of it elsewhere is true in Ulster—it is "a ghost whistling in the wind," a disembodied thing without life or vigour. Meanwhile, the quick Irish intellect, which is so nearly akin to the French, and has much of its brilliant audacity, has never yet been trained except at Trinity College or in ecclesiastical seminaries. No one can tell how it will act under the influence of modern culture. The outlook is not free from clouds, and the authorities of the Roman Church are too sagacious securely to hug themselves, as Lord Salisbury fancies they are doing, with the promise of a good time coming. They cannot doubt, seeing the general trend of European aspirations and the growing power of Democracy, that Ireland, which is already the centre of a world-wide race, will be recognised in due course as a self-governing nation. But while they are sure that it will not be Protestant, who is to give them a pledge that

it will be Catholic? The signs point to something new—to a type of character hitherto not realised out of France, as well as to social and economic changes in the wake of fresh ideas. Strange as it may sound, the Irish citizen of the world is a well-known figure, and has played his part at home and abroad. The centre of gravity for Ireland is not in Dublin or London, but in America; and the Greater Ireland which has so long directed the action is now transforming the thought of the Mother Country. It would be the height of folly to treat such a nation as if it were but a province, a Yorkshire over-sea which looked to England for guidance. The elements in the horoscope are mixed, and the issues far from patent. But when we have sketched them as they appear to us, anyone who does not refuse to hazard his reputation on a prophecy may decide whether Lord Salisbury and his Unionist friends are likely to be the "future founders of the Irish nation," or whether we must not look for them in quite a different direction. George Eliot has said that "finest hope is finest memory." The memories to which Lord Salisbury appeals are dying or dead. But there is an Ireland of which he has never cared to know anything—the common country of Swift and Goldsmith, of Grattan and Flood, and Burke and O'Connell. It has survived out of a dismal past; and, amid all checks and discouragements, it faces the future. That is the Ireland which will be a Nation.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE curious piece of secret history which has just been revealed, probably by Prince Bismarck, in connection with the Imperial Minister of the Interior in Germany, Herr von Boetticher, has made the prospect of a reconciliation between the Emperor and the ex-Chancellor more remote than ever. The facts, as stated by a friendly organ, the *National Zeitung*, are these: In 1887 Herr von Boetticher had become security for his father-in-law, a merchant in Dantzig, who had failed. He therefore became liable for 350,000 marks (£17,500)—precisely seven times his annual salary. Friends raised the money and paid his debt, but the matter affected his spirits and his efficiency as a Minister. One day, therefore, he received the whole sum from the late Emperor Wilhelm I. He treated it as a gift, and never thought (this is his friends' account) of repayment, though the evidence on this point is conflicting. The money was paid on the suggestion of Prince Bismarck, and it does not seem to have been believed, except by the recipient, that it came out of the Imperial privy purse. It must therefore have come either out of the "Fund at the disposition of the Supreme Power," which is granted annually to the Emperor by the Reichstag and the Prussian Chambers to meet contingencies which cannot well be put on the Estimates, or out of the Guelph Fund, the sequestered property of the ex-King of Hanover, the surplus income of which has been used nominally to prevent attacks by him on the Empire; really, under Prince Bismarck, to subsidise the "Reptile Press" and for other purposes less reputable, after all, than the relief of distressed Ministers. But it seems to be the duty of the present Government to try and recover the money, which they are hardly likely to attempt. Indeed, Herr von Boetticher has received visits of sympathy from the Emperor and the present Chancellor. Even National Liberal papers, however, are calling for a reform of the Guelph Fund; and the sum would not, after all, be a high price to pay for the diversion of the main stream of support of the "Reptile Press" in the past.

There seems to be no doubt that Prince Bismarck has virtually accepted the candidature for the Reichstag at Geestemunde. As the Liberal has



retired, and the Socialist is a man of little mark (though his friends are working for him energetically), the chances (putting aside the Boetticher incident) are in favour of the ex-Chancellor.

The French Chambers have adjourned until April 15th, and will then discuss the tariff for about two months. The committee on the Races Regulation Bill have resolved to recommend that the "*pari mutuel*" be permitted on racecourses, provided a tax for charitable purposes is levied on the proceeds, and that all other betting be prohibited. Substantially, this is the scheme recently rejected by the Chamber; but it is probably the best compromise practicable. Domiciliary visits of the police to certain Boulangists and anarchists on the occasion of the reorganisation of the "*Ligue des Patriotes*" at the end of last week received more notice in the English papers than they probably merited. Fresh adhesions of the Episcopate to the Republic are reported, and the earnest appeal of M. Jules Ferry, at the dinner of the Union Républicaine last Saturday, at Montmartre, to the two sections of the Republican party to combine and thereby get rid of Ministerial crises, and his eloquent peroration addressed to the youth of France, form a good introduction to the programme which, it is understood, he will develop next month in the provinces.

The result of the debate of last Saturday in the Italian Chamber shows that the present Government has attained a fair degree of stability. The vote of confidence (passed after several scenes and the withdrawal of three or four alternative resolutions) by 256 to 96 (with 46 abstentions) indicates that the Government has a considerable margin, even without the aid of the Extreme Left, whose support is conditional on its undertaking considerable political and economical reforms, but who only number thirty members. The charge of subservience to the Vatican, brought against the Government during the debate and vigorously condemned then and there by our Italian correspondent, no doubt has reference to the proposed reduction of expenditure on the schools at present maintained for Italian residents abroad, and in itself is regrettable. Last Saturday's vote may be taken to be a vote against Signor Crispi, even more than a vote of confidence in the Government, though it is significant that the organ of the important "Piedmontese group" of deputies treats it as a considerable Ministerial victory.

The Emperor of Abyssinia declines to recognise the treaty signed in his name by Ras Aloula, which practically made him a subject ally of Italy, and, according to the unofficial report, the Italian embassy to him have had to make a hasty retreat; while Hedad Kantibai, Sultan of Hadad and brother and successor of the Hamed Kantibai who is now in penal servitude on a charge of treason, has just been arrested on the same charge. The present Ministry has indeed exercised a wise discretion in renouncing the extension of the rule of Italy in Abyssinia. Menelek is now said to regret his conduct; but, meanwhile, a Russian expedition (for scientific purposes of course) is projected, which will probably make him change his mind again.

There is some doubt as to whether the Austrian Premier has resumed the negotiations with the Liberal leaders which were broken off early last week. The Liberals in the Reichstag—which consists of 353 members—number 110; the Poles 57; these two sections, it was said, were to be made the nucleus of the Ministerial party, and it is reported that Count Taaffe attempted to obtain the consent of the Liberals to act with a third group, and that this caused the rupture of the negotiations. It is still expected that Count Taaffe will probably trust to temporary and shifting re-arrangements of conflicting groups to give him a working majority; but it is said he is now balancing the merits of the Liberals and the Young Czechs as a nucleus. Under these circumstances some interest attaches to the attempt of Count Hohenwart,

formerly Count Taaffe's faithful supporter, and the only Austrian statesman of the first rank who definitely favours a policy of decentralisation and federalism, to organise a Conservative party out of Dalmatians, Slovenes, Bohemian landowners, Moravian Czechs, the Clericals from the Italian Tyrol and other small fractions—together a body of about eighty, which would be the second largest group in the Reichstag, and it is thought would be fairly compact. Indeed, Herr Jaworski, the Polish leader, is said to demand the inclusion of this group as a condition of his entering the proposed coalition. At any rate, there is not now much chance of that Liberal policy of financial and social reform which was promised when the Reichstag was dissolved. The dissolution seems, in fact, only another step in the Slavonisation of Austria.

The leaders of the recent revolt at Oporto have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from six months to six years, supplemented in the graver cases by long terms of transportation. Considering the alleged state of feeling in Portugal the sentences seem wisely lenient. There are fresh rumours of a change of Ministry, and Señor Martens Ferrao and Dr. José Dias Ferreira are spoken of as likely to be sent for by the King.

Last week, the Diet of Finland closed its Session, and was assured by the Czar, in a rescript, that the liberties of the country would be respected except in a few points in which they conflicted with Russian usage. That this may cover a good deal of limitation may be seen from Madame Novikoff's defence of Russian action in Finland, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a month ago. She specifies the difference in coinage, and in the official language, the separate Custom House, and the independence of the magistracy—all, by the way, features of the Channel Islands—as outrages on the unity of the Russian Empire. The chief use of the rescript will probably be to check the constant attacks on Finland made by the Russian press.

The Ministerial party in Holland may very likely break up even before the General Elections in June. A committee of the Second Chamber (which, by the way, is strongly Liberal) has reported in favour of the new military law, which enforces compulsory service and is therefore detested by the Ultramontane section of the Ministerialists; and the retirement of the Minister of Marine under circumstances which make him somewhat ridiculous is said to be only the first of a series of changes in the Ministry.

The new Servian Ministry is doing its best to get rid both of the ex-King and of Queen Natalie during the minority of King Alexander. The mutual recriminations of the ex-King and his former Minister M. Garaschanine as to the alleged assassination in prison in 1882 of the two women, Markovitch and Knitchanine, have led as yet to no definite result. A duel is talked of, and the trial of the Minister is impending. A tariff war with Austria seems probable.

Fresh atrocities and severe fighting are reported from Chili. The Government of President Balmaceda, though it has effected a "strategic withdrawal" from the nitrate district, is alleged to be gaining strength, and to have secured a small naval force. The end seems to be distant.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

WHILE I agree with much of what THE SPEAKER said last week upon the state of things in Newfoundland, and with most of that which you have previously published upon the subject, I hold so strong a view against the Bill which was brought in late last week that I will ask permission to put before your readers some considerations with regard to it. There is a very general disposition among Liberals to praise Lord Salisbury's foreign and colonial policy, while

blaming his home politics. I have already had the opportunity of criticising the arrangement by which the colony of Heligoland was gratuitously thrown into a bad settlement, as it seems to me, with Germany in Africa, and shall be glad to avail myself of this opportunity of pointing out the reasons why I think that our whole modern colonial system is being jeopardised by the present proposals of the Government about Newfoundland.

I have previously stated my view as to the French claim with regard to the erection of lobster factories upon the Newfoundland shore, and my dislike of the *modus vivendi*, which seemed in some degree to recognise the possibility of a good foundation for the French claim, having been agreed to last year without the previous consent of the colony. Your readers will remember that under it no further lobster factories were to be erected by either the French or the colonists; and the *modus vivendi* suggested that recourse would be had to arbitration upon the question of whether the undoubted right of the French, under the Treaty of Utrecht, to land and dry fish and nets on a portion of the coast of Newfoundland, could be extended to include the erection of lobster-canning factories, or whether it must be read strictly, being a limitation of British sovereignty upon British soil. This question, I confess, seems to me so plain that I think it is a case where we should have laid down our own interpretation of the Treaty and adhered to it; but if a different plan were to be pursued, then some attempt ought to have been made to bring the colony with us in the negotiation. The contrary course, and a high-handed course, has been pursued, which, it may be said without hesitation, would not have been pursued if the colony in question had been Queensland, or Victoria, or New South Wales, or New Zealand, or the Canadian Dominion. Newfoundland has been bullied because she is weak, and poor, and little-powerful in arms. She resents her treatment by the Mother Country bitterly, and, to my mind, with justice.

Captain Sir Baldwin Walker received orders from the Imperial Government to close certain newly erected or newly opened colonial lobster-tinning establishments on what is styled the French Shore, though it is British soil, and a part of the colony governed by a colonial Cabinet and Legislature. The naval captain did so, and was sued for trespass, and pleaded that the trespass was an act of State, committed under the orders and authority of the Government of the Mother Country. It is the fashion, in these days, to say that the American colonies had right upon their side in their secession from the Mother Country; but the actions of the Imperial Government which led to the secession of the colonies now forming the United States were mild and legal as compared with the action taken in this Baird-Walker case towards Newfoundland. Without the smallest consultation with the colony as a colony (although its Prime Minister was personally informed of what was going to be done), without any consultation with the colonial Legislature, an agreement is arrived at with a foreign Power on a question absolutely colonial, and then that agreement is forced upon individual colonists, against the unanimous feeling of the local Legislature, by arbitrary acts, committed under circumstances of the most obvious illegality. The Courts held, when the case was tried, that there was not the smallest ground which could be shown to legalise Sir Baldwin Walker's action; and the Courts held, as any Courts must have held, that all questions of the validity and interpretation of all instruments and evidences of title and authority rest with the competent Courts within whose jurisdiction the cause arises—that is, with the colonial Courts. A vote of money is now to be proposed to compensate the parties upon whose property an illegal trespass was committed by Sir Baldwin Walker, and another vote, I presume, to pay Sir Baldwin Walker's legal charges; and these two votes would in any case have afforded to the Imperial Parliament an excel-

lent opportunity for discussing the treatment which the colony has received. The Government have provided Parliament with another opportunity. They have brought in a Bill virtually to reverse the decision of the Courts in Sir Baldwin Walker's case, and to give Sir Baldwin Walker and future commanders of our squadron upon the station a legitimate ground for commencing civil war against colonists of our own race. These will be fellow-subjects of our own, acting as we should act if we were they, not even violating a treaty monstrous in its terms and wholly out of date, such as the Treaty of Utrecht, in those provisions which concern the so-called French Shore, but resisting an absolutely indefensible and arbitrary extension of that treaty to cover territorial establishment upon British soil. The Bill over-rides the rights of the colonial Cabinet and Legislature; it does so without necessity; and it does so in a manner which no powerful colony would meet by any other action than immediate secession from the Crown. The Bill forms a new departure of the gravest kind.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that any Australian colony has ever violated Imperial laws by refusing to receive within its territories, even in some cases without previous Colonial Acts, former convicts pardoned by the Crown; suppose that any such colonies have arbitrarily put on board ship Irish informers, unconvicted British subjects, whose presence was disagreeable to them; suppose such Australian colonies have in the case of the Chinese race violated our treaties with China, and the rights of British subjects of Chinese race. In such cases, similar action by the British Parliament to that now proposed against Newfoundland would have been at least defensible, if unwise. Has such a Bill ever been proposed? If not, why? Because New South Wales and Victoria are strong powers, which would have taken short steps to bring such legislation to an end by putting the Governor on board ship and sending him to sea, if not all the way home, on board a colonial man-of-war. But Newfoundland has not violated our engagements; she has not violated British law; she has committed as a colony no act of even doubtful legality. What she has done has been, not to prevent her subjects from taking steps which, to my mind, they have an absolute right to take, even under the most liberal interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht.

The legislation that the Government is proposing, may not be without consequences in other portions of the Empire. Australia and Newfoundland are separated by half the world, but I am by no means certain that the Governments of the great southern colonies will not argue that what is being done against the Newfoundlanders may not be attempted against themselves, and that a powerful impetus will not be given by the present Bill to the secessionist feeling, which is strong in Queensland, and which has for it a powerful minority in New South Wales.

An Australian colony, as I say, would have met such action as has been taken towards Newfoundland by putting the Governor on board ship, and by starting a new life for itself. The Newfoundland Parliament has not done this, and has acted cautiously. It has only humbly and earnestly prayed and begged that the legislation contemplated should be delayed until the Colonial Parliament can be heard. The draft Bill was not communicated to the Newfoundland Parliament. It was known to our Government that they had expressed a strong opinion against the so-called *modus vivendi* with the French, as being absolutely hostile to the interest of the colony. The apologists of our Government mix up two questions which have nothing to do with one another. The *modus vivendi* concerns an obviously wrongful attempt to extend the provisions for landing and drying fish and nets, so as to cover the erection of permanent establishments on the coast. The Newfoundlanders are willing that we should negotiate—nay, that



we should arbitrate—upon the whole question of French rights under the Treaty of Utrecht. But they insist, and in my opinion rightly, that we should not arbitrate upon one point only, upon which they are clearly right, and exclude from the arbitration those graver questions which lie behind; which, when the arbitration is over, will still be unsettled, and must lead to certain conflict in the future.

The action of the Government in the House of Lords was extraordinarily sudden, yet they admitted their knowledge of the irritation which already existed against them in the colony. The Bill introduced by Government is intended to revive certain powers formerly vested in the Crown, and concerning colonies and colonial soil, which were, by the wisdom of Parliament, allowed to lapse in 1834. Before 1834 the present system of responsible government within the absolutely self-governing colonies was unknown. There were some colonies with legislative assemblies in greater or less degree elective; but they were not like the colonies possessing responsible institutions in the present day, of which Newfoundland is one. The Government argue that Parliament is within its rights. It is impossible to say where the rights of Parliament end. It has legislated for districts outside the British dominions—for the heart of Africa, for the Pacific—and has established a High Commissioner, who possesses enormous powers, by British laws over persons who are not subjects of the British Crown (not being subjects of other civilised Powers) in places not within British territory. No man can say where the powers of Parliament end; but the authors of the Bill themselves admit that it is a novel course to introduce in these days such legislation with regard to colonies possessing responsible government. The Government admit that a strong case must be made out for such legislation, and they think that they have done so. But, to my mind, an overwhelming case ought, in such an instance, to be shown.

The question is not to the Newfoundlanders a merely constitutional and theoretical one. It is a question of life and death. Lobster-canning is an industry which is rapidly increasing in many parts of the world; and the Newfoundland coast is well suited for the purpose. It is almost the only industry flourishing in Newfoundland, and it is rapidly beginning to provide increased employment among a population which is very poor. Fish have left the coast of Newfoundland for the great banks. The French fishing fleet no longer resorts to the Newfoundland coasts, and but a few ships go there. The lobster, however, is not given to migration. The colonial Government have protested against the *modus vivendi* concerning lobsters from the first. Their sheet-anchor is a despatch from the British Government of 1857, in which it is admitted that the rights enjoyed by the colonists of Newfoundland are not to be ceded without their consent, and that the constitutional mode of submitting measures for that consent is by laying them before the colonial legislature, and that the consent of the community is regarded by us as an essential preliminary to any modification of their rights. The Government contend that the *modus vivendi* and the present Bill do not cede any right, and therefore do not break through this principle. If so, the difficulty will have to be faced a little later, because if the strange foreign arbitrators, who have been picked up in the Russian Foreign Office and elsewhere, should, for political reasons, decide against us, then the *modus vivendi* will, under the present Bill, should it unfortunately become an Act, have to be forced upon the colony by deeds of civil war committed by our sailors, in the name of the Queen, against her loyal and devoted subjects of our own race. Lord Salisbury has defended his Bill by telling us that we are only paying the penalty for the intrigues of Lord Bolingbroke, who made a mess for us of the Treaty of Utrecht, and for the forgetfulness of Lord Castle-

reagh to remedy the matter at Vienna in 1815. These historical arguments will hardly have much weight with the colonial Parliament and people; and Lord Salisbury's elaborate assertion, by which he concluded his speech, that the "rights of France would be enforced on that coast, whatever might be the form of the government in that colony," is merely idle in face of the fact that France would sell her rights in five minutes to the United States if Newfoundland was an American State, and that she refuses to sell them to us only because of her irritation about Egypt. The colonists are not children, and the facts which govern the situation are as thoroughly well known to men of the stamp of the second of the official delegates who were here last year as to any among ourselves.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

#### LONDON—BLACK AND BLUE.

**F**EW private views have any picture to compare in human interest with the gigantic "Poverty Map" of London, to which Mr. Charles Booth invited the critics on Saturday last. The enthusiastic editor of "Life and Labour in East London" displayed upon his staircase a vivid compendium of the results of seven years' devoted labour of himself and a whole band of assistants. There, in colours varying from black to bright orange, is portrayed the average social status of the inhabitants of each street. About fifty square miles of the heart of the metropolis stand revealed to us as we gaze; passing from the black patches which mark the homes of classes A and B, "the vicious, loafers, and semi-criminals," and "the very poor, at casual earnings," through the blues and reds of classes C to F, the great mass of the wage-earners, up to the brilliant orange of class H—how scarce it is!—the "upper middle" and superior classes.

How much work has gone to the taking of this great census of social status only Mr. Booth could tell. The basis of it all has been the books of the 250 School Board visitors of the metropolis, in which are recorded the family circumstances of seven-eighths of the whole population. The information thus obtained has been verified by inquiries among the clergy and district visitors; by asking the ubiquitous policeman; by consulting the relieving officers and the agents of the Charity Organisation Society; and, finally, by invoking the assistance of specialist experts for different localities and particular subjects. The character of each street has then been marked by the appropriate colour on the 25-inch ordnance map. Such a picture of the actual social condition of London has never before been produced.

Follow, for instance, the blacks and sombre blues of the very poorest of the "residuum," whose condition, even the optimistic Mr. Giffen tells us, is a stain on our civilisation. Among them live usually the more affluent criminal and semi-criminal class, forming, with the loafers, the vicious, and the utterly demoralised, Mr. Booth's "Class A." But of this class there are, it appears, only some 50,000 (men, women, and children) in all London; or little more than 1 per cent. of the population. Class B, living "in chronic want," the "casual" poor, outnumber them sixfold, and account for some 300,000 souls. See how their sombre colouring darkens nearly all the East End, though this is everywhere shot through with lines and patches of red. In Bethnal Green and St. George's-in-the-East, round Spitalfields Church, and about Hoxton Market the black gathers into thick blotches. Nor do we lose it entirely anywhere in the map. The north side of the Thames has more of it than the south, although part of Bermondsey is very black—and north Lambeth; whilst large areas in Deptford and Greenwich show that destitution is not confined to the central districts. On the north

side the black breaks out, like a malignant eruption, all through Clerkenwell, in St. Giles's, in the courts behind Regent Street, in Lisson Grove, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and in a few isolated blotches in Chelsea as yet spared by Lord Cadogan.

These are the social plague-spots of the London of to-day, the Nemesis of the individualistic neglect which for generations denied to the metropolis any effective machinery for the discharge of its collective duties. These are the homes of the "Submerged Tenth" amongst us, the Devil's Tithe of the richest city in the world. One in every eight of its population dies in the workhouse; one in every five is buried at the cost of public charity of one kind or another.

A second map includes the whole 119 square miles of the "province covered with houses" which is under the rule of the County Council. This is coloured so as to show the social condition of the people, not street by street, but district by district. The whole metropolis is divided into about 150 blocks, each containing as nearly as possible 30,000 inhabitants. The area of the blocks varies, therefore, according to the density of the population. Coloured on Mr. Booth's usual chromatic "poverty scale," it is at once noticeable that the largest blocks have the lightest hues. The sombre colouring which marks extreme poverty marks also those blocks which comparative density of population makes relatively small in area. This map therefore confirms with graphic clearness the generalisation which Mr. Booth impressed upon the Statistical Society two and a half years ago. Denseness of population is, in the London of to-day, a concomitant of poverty. Every rise in the standard of comfort is marked by an increase in our average distance from our fellows. The universal luxury is elbow-room. The millionaire takes up a whole suite of rooms for his own use, and keeps many similar suites vacant. The corollary of the millionaire is the nightly tenant of one-fourth of a pig-stye of a room in a London slum, and even the latter, be it remembered, is an occupier of a "dwelling-house" under Sir Charles Dilke's Act of 1878, and so constructively a "ratepayer" and potential elector.

Mr. Booth hopes to publish the second volume of his great work in a few weeks' time, and it will then be possible to obtain, in reduced form, copies of these marvellous maps. We hope that they will set to work inquirers in other great cities who would accept it as their mission to portray in a similar manner the social condition of their own towns. Manchester is already leading in this direction, and Mr. Booth ought to be able to set his own Liverpool to the task. Other maps in the volume will picture to us the degree to which each district is inhabited by immigrants into London. We believe that it will be seen, as Mr. Llewellyn Smith has already pointed out, that the most poverty-stricken districts are inhabited almost exclusively by Londoners born. Bethnal Green is practically the blackest district in the "Poverty Map," but it is the brightest in the "Migration Map." The immigrant from the fields does not, as is commonly supposed, sink down promptly to the condition of a "docker" or a casual labourer. On the contrary, he tends rather to elbow the Cockney into these residual occupations, and manages himself to maintain a higher position. The evil of the crowding into London is not so much to the newcomer as to the degenerate offspring of his precursor a generation before.

It is impossible, in studying the fascinating results of Mr. Booth's industry, not to feel some regret that he has not at his command the whole staff by whose aid the Registrar-General is going to do little more than count noses. It is easy to imagine how, in Mr. Booth's practised hands, the enumeration of the approaching census for the metropolis could be made of immensely greater use without any increased cost to the

public. We do not know whether Mr. Booth has any idea of getting from these enumerators the kind of help which the School Board visitors have during the last five years been quietly giving him. If he has any such project, we trust that Sir Brydges Henniker will follow the example of the School Board, and shut his eyes. No work of greater value than Mr. Booth's can be imagined; no man is likely to contribute more towards that social regeneration of the metropolis of the Empire which all admit to have become one of the most urgent needs of the time.

#### THE MODERN MONARCH.\*

WHAT is written about kings in their lifetime is seldom acceptable as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But "Politikos," whoever he is, seems a trustworthy guide to what the showman calls "the Principal Courts of Europe." There is certainly more of the critic than of the courtier in him. He praises freely, but he never worships; and he has contrived to see the man under the crown that tops the monarch.

He has done the kings some service, in that he has made it quite impossible for anybody to envy them. No divinity hedges any king in nineteenth-century Europe. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "working monarch" is the general type. The modern monarch gets up very early, and goes to bed very late. If he ever takes an extra ten minutes between the sheets in the morning, he has to work ten minutes longer in the evening. He gets hardly any real fun out of life. In business hours he takes his duties strenuously, and the hours that are not devoted to business are barely worth numbering.

It may be said without exaggeration that the biography of every great European Sovereign of to-day is to be found in the history of his kingdom. What this means is, that the king becomes merged in his office. He lives for his public duties. The constitutional monarch is the merest bureaucrat. He has no initiative; his personal opinions or desires count for little; and if he is a self-willed man, with strong views of his own, like the King of Denmark, he has to choose between self-effacement and abdication. The autocrat himself has ceased (in Europe) to be an autocrat, in fact. What European ruler ever possessed less actual power than the reigning Czar of all the Russias? No monarch lives happily in these days, unless, like the King of Italy, he strives to catch and to obey the most intelligent voice in his dominions.

"Politikos" makes it clear that most modern monarchs must be content to reign without ruling. Christian of Denmark has a will of his own, and is in chronic feud with his Parliament. He is a strong king in Europe, *fin de siècle*, who can afford to let his subjects know his real political leanings. The most intimate adviser of the King of the Belgians would be puzzled to say whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal at heart. Oscar of Sweden sinks every private ambition in the endeavour (not wholly successful) to harmonise the opposing aspirations of two nations who have been "artificially put together into harness." Franz Josef of Austria (whom "Politikos" describes as the only Sovereign in Europe who dare lounge about his own capital), "born to govern brilliantly," has perforce "renounced personal power," and drives fourteen States abreast while seeming to be the least authoritative person in his kingdom.

Few kings rule nowadays as they themselves would choose to do; but most of them make the best of exceedingly difficult situations, and their success as Sovereigns is in proportion to their ability to live, not for themselves, but for their countries. There is a certain pathos in the position of the

\*"The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe." By "Politikos." London: T. Fisher Unwin.



monarch who, having ascended the throne against his will, strives gallantly through a lifetime to be true to his tremendous trust. To cite three conspicuous examples, the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden, and the Sultan of Turkey would none of them be reigning now had their choice been free. Each of the trio is a monarch *malgré lui*; each would have been happier as a subject than he is as a Sovereign. The King of the Belgians "above all things loves a quiet life and devotion to scientific work." Think, again, what must be the position of the young man who is suddenly chosen, without preparation, and with scarcely a voice in the matter, to rule a land of the very language of which he is ignorant. Prince George of Denmark was just eighteen when he became by election the King of Greece. Franz Josef was the same age when he took the burden of Austria on his shoulders, and stole by night into his capital, which had been seized and sacked. "Farewell, my youth!" he exclaimed. Young Charles of Roumania journeyed to his kingdom *incognito*, and second-class, disguised as a commercial traveller.

Following "Politikos" from one Court of Europe to another, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that no man would willingly become a king in these days if he were first allowed to prove the weight of his crown. Intrigue and conspiracy are in the antechamber of every Sovereign whose power is more than nominal; political and social troubles beset his daily path, which is mostly a narrow one, and prescribed for him, if not by duty, then by tradition or by law. Strong or weak, autocrat or constitutional monarch, he can seldom in our days say, "This thing shall be done, because I am Sovereign, and will it!" There is no real autocrat in modern Europe, and the nominal autocrat is frequently the least powerful of rulers. The kings who reign most surely (a single exception may, perhaps, be made in favour of the young German Emperor) are those who—whatever their titular authority—have learned how to efface themselves in the interests of their subjects. The ambitious man, unless he is at once able to rule and permitted to rule, is predestined to failure.

But they are all expected to work hard. Fortunately, most of them are endowed with exceptional gifts of industry. Certain among them, like the German Emperor and the Emperor of Austria, are toilers by nature; they cannot find enough to do. The German Wilhelm appears not to care a fig for pleasure. The Emperor of Austria, who "takes his breakfast hurriedly at a corner of his desk," is often found hard at work at four in the morning. Humbert of Italy and Charles of Roumania are up at early dawn, and the King of the Belgians (who sleeps in a camp-bed) rises at six, winter and summer. There is hardly a Sovereign in Europe who does not see the first flush of the sun every day of the year. An exception might be looked for in Turkey, but "Politikos" assures us that Abdul Hamid II. quits his couch early, and is a tireless worker. The royal couple of Roumania "have often to talk for twelve or even fifteen hours at a stretch," and "when she and the king sit down to dinner they are sometimes so tired that they cannot speak a word." No; these modern monarchs are frequently to be admired, but they are very, very rarely to be envied.

Then for their recreations. "A man of pleasure is a man of pains," wrote Young. Most modern monarchs are men of pains, but "Politikos" forbids us to believe that many of them are men of pleasure. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible that they should be. With smaller leisure than a bank clerk, they must needs snatch their pleasures when and how they can. Being compelled to work immoderately, they are of necessity compelled to amuse themselves simply. The King of Denmark is partial to a rubber of whist o' nights, or an hour at the theatre. The Emperor William does a little with his brush, "painting very fairly." Oscar of Sweden ("almost an ideal personage") "likes nothing better than a long yarn with some old sea comrade," unless it be the inditing of a

poem or an essay. The Sultan of Turkey ("his women find him cold") writes little farces and operettas in French. "Russia," "Belgium," and "Denmark" are all great walkers. "Greece" is a good shot and whip. "It is only at the chase that" Franz Josef "becomes himself." The King of Italy, who was never known to put up an umbrella, finds his "greatest pleasure . . . in passing whole weeks under canvas in the mountains of the Valley of Aosta, stalking the chamois, eating the same hard fare as the peasants." The boyish Sovereign of Portugal "is a mighty hunter." In their habits at table, these gentlemen are rather Pythagorean than Pantagruelian.

The very hard worker who is happily married often seeks his dearest pleasures in the bosom of his family, and "Politikos" draws some charming pictures of the domestic lives of the Sovereigns of Europe. Most beautiful and patriarchal is the home-life of the royal family of Denmark. "Happy in the love of his family, of his friends," is Oscar of Sweden. "Happy hours of relaxation are those" which the King and Queen of Greece spend together in their summer residence at Corfu, when "the King turns farmer, and the Queen becomes a musician and a painter." A friend whispers the King of Italy that Queen Margherita is dreadfully troubled about the length of her milliner's bill. His Majesty slips the receipted bill under her plate as a birthday present. The Emperor of Austria spends the fortieth anniversary of his accession in his castle of Miramar on the Adriatic, "in the strictest seclusion, with no company but that of his wife and his thoughts." "Nature cut him out for a simple *bourgeois*," says "Politikos" of the muscular and melancholy Alexander of Russia, and "to see the Emperor to the best advantage, he must be seen in the bosom of his family." Abdul Hamid of Turkey "is devoted to his children," and "dinner over, . . . he will retire into the harem, where his daughters play and sing to him."

But these quiet pleasures are dearly bought, and "Politikos" convinces us that the rôle of the modern monarch is as disagreeable as it is difficult. Few of us would care to attempt it, and very few of us would succeed in it.

#### THE POPULARITY OF "PICKWICK."

"THE History of Pickwick," which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has just given to the world, has about the same intrinsic merit as any other of that gentleman's compilations. His fellow-members of the Athenæum Club have not yet taught him to use "and which" correctly in his sentences; there is no index, and there is a vast deal of misquotation and vain repetition. As usual, Mr. Fitzgerald has carried his subject to his publishers as the Roman gentleman took his peacock to the baths—undigested. The manner of the book's execution suggests that its author, having nothing to do in his club, one afternoon, took down a copy of "Pickwick" and began to count the number of characters in that "immortal work." He made out (including Red-faced Nixon and "the late Lord Chancellor") that they were 360, or thereabouts. Next came the inns ("most good novels are full of inns," says the writer of *Obiter Dicta*), and these came to no less than twenty-two. Next—we will assume—reflecting that the British Public, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, is "easily amused," he moved from the easy-chair to the writing-table and invited the help of a few Dickens-enthusiasts and collectors of first editions: and out of their replies, some easily accessible data, and a few critical paragraphs, has constructed something which, if not a book exactly, may fairly be called a volume.

Nevertheless this "History" serves a purpose. It helps us to understand the full meaning of the proposition to which we have all assented a hundred times—that "Pickwick" is the most popular book of